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August 14, 1998

COMMONWEAL

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THE POPE'S HARD SAYINGS

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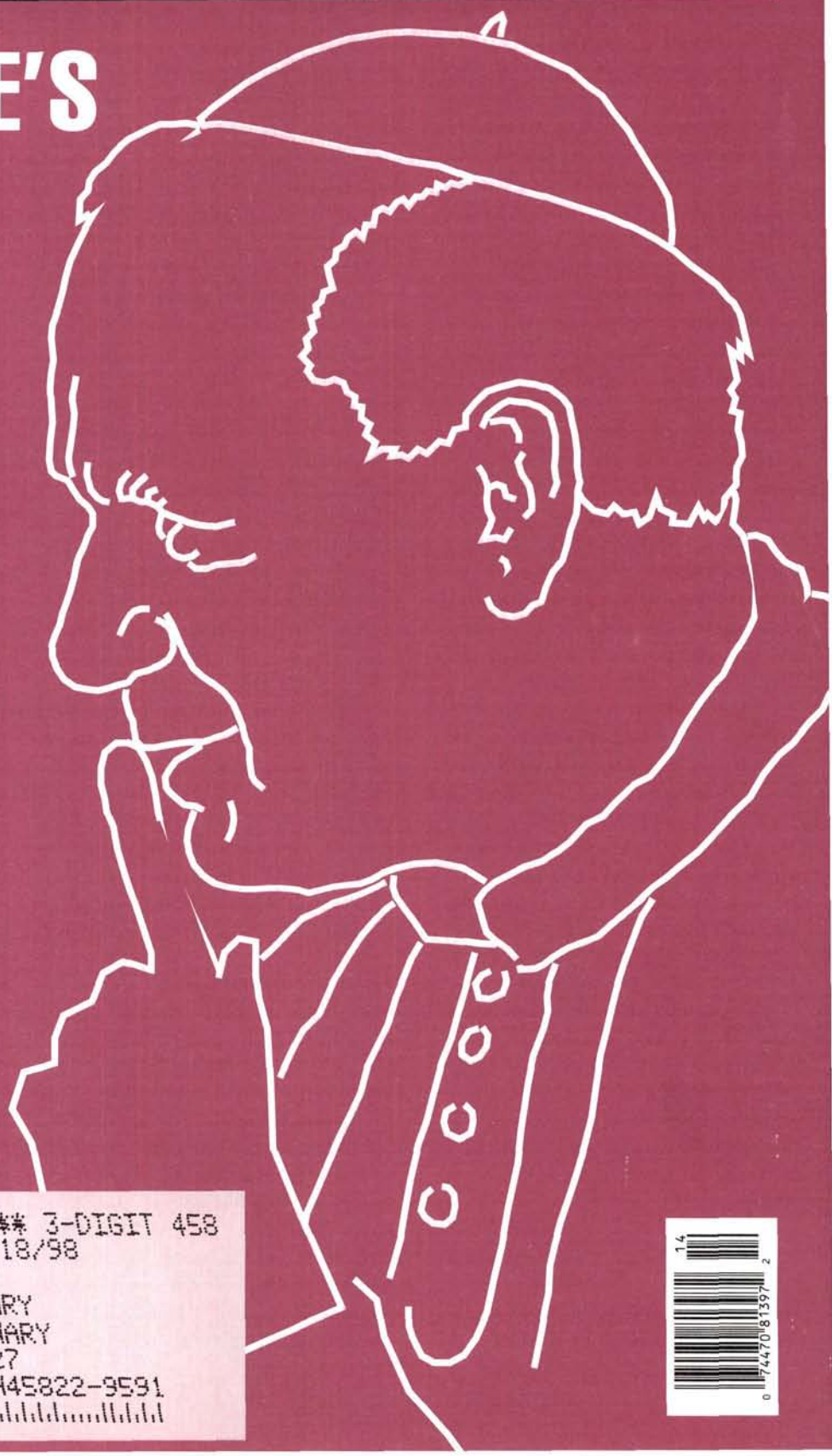
The Editors

NED O'GORMAN Remembering Isaiah Berlin



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To the Editors

Basketball & eternal life

Timothy P. Schilling's "Hoop Dreams" [Last Word, June 5] must have revived memories deep in the RAM of basketball lovers across the country. His piece was "money" (as those who "got game" say today), but only as far as the individual side of hoops goes. Realizing that no one column can say all things, I'd call this one "broke"—or, better, an unfinished masterpiece—because it missed the communal side of basketball, the side I've come to cherish more now that age has moved me from guard to strong (and slow) forward. It isn't so much the shot that counts to me now, it's the pass. It's the screening away from the ball. It's the precision of the pick and roll, where those setting the block give themselves up so that others can score.

There's something of the Resurrection—dying and rising—in the selflessness of team play, becoming a servant to others to gain eternal happiness for one's self and one's friends. It's a love I've found can be taught. My now-grown daughter led her high school team in steals and assists even though she wasn't a starter. But it's a love that's getting harder to teach. The fifth- and sixth-graders I coach today run to the scorer's table right after the traditional post-game "handshake of peace" to check their point totals. Thank you, your Airness.

There can be a transfer from the court to "real life." The deepest satisfaction in the workplace comes not from individual achievements but from successful team projects, ideas brought to fruition by the melding of the talents of several of God's children. It's like unto that wonderful "swish" as the ball brushes the net.

BOB ZYSKOWSKI
Saint Paul, Minn.

The last word was 'No'

The Last Word essay by Kathleen Dean Moore ["Do I Kill My Father," June 19] was one of the best things I've ever read anywhere. And I've read a lot in my seventy-six years.

And what an apt department for its conscience-piercing appearance—The Last Word. I wonder: Was it?

BILL MCNAMARA
New Bedford, Mass.

For shame

I am canceling my subscription. In a recent issue you allowed a convicted child molester to publish a woe-is-me piece deploring his prison conditions. To grant a convicted pedophile a hearing in a magazine devoted to religious discussion is unfathomable.

Also, a recent editorial deriding William Donahue and the Catholic League smacked of liberal bias against any voice that does not embrace the multicultural vision that is slowly eroding this country's greatness.

I am proud to be a member of the Catholic League and am equally proud to be a *former* subscriber to *Commonweal*.

JEAN-MICHAEL AKEY
Bronx, N.Y.

From the editors: Showing concern for people in prison is a corporal work of mercy recommended by Jesus Christ (*see*, Matt. 25:34–36). On agreeing/disagreeing with William Donohue, the Scriptures are silent. But there may be something in the revised *Code of Canon Law* about canceling a subscription without your pastor's permission.

Illiterate on justice

Among the very good materials in the issue of July 17, I was especially interested in the article on young adult Catholics ("A Faith Loosely Held," by William Dinges et al.). Students at the University of Michigan make up 80 percent of the members of my parish, Saint Mary's student chapel. Their apparent illiteracy with respect to advocacy efforts toward fashioning a society more in keeping with consistent church teaching bemuses me considerably.

I currently sit on the board of NETWORK a Catholic social justice lobby, and am learning just how fragile such organizations can be. NETWORK is particularly vulnerable since it was founded and gets its chief support from U.S. religious congregations. If present trends continue, the drastic decline in numbers of women religious may bring its doom. It doesn't help that NETWORK, despite the quality of its work and its fidelity to church teaching, has had little attention from the leaders of the ecclesiastical establishment. Still, the organization will celebrate a thirtieth anniversary in the year 2000; that may deserve a millennial celebration and send-off of its own.

ANNE LAURANCE
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Young adults & the church

I believe that in their interpretation of the poll of young adult Catholics they had commissioned, the authors of "A Faith Loosely Held" [July 17] missed an important factor helping to explain their subjects' seeming disaffection from the institutional church.

All five of the children born to my wife and me are now grown and married. Three of the marriages are deemed valid but two are not, though both partners in the "invalid" marriages are Catholics. There are eleven grandchildren—all baptized after I went hat in hand and groveled before various pastors.

All of us have problems with certain beliefs. But we believe in the Holy Catholic Church, and, in view of our faith these "problem" beliefs are filed away in some drawer. But when your church tells you that you are living in sin, that you must dissolve even a successful long-term second marriage, then you join the scoffers, and your "problem beliefs" become sufficient cause to divorce yourself from the institution that makes such demands.

Why won't the hierarchy turn over jurisdiction in these matters to local pastors? With the judicious use of a judicial act of forgiveness and reconcilia-

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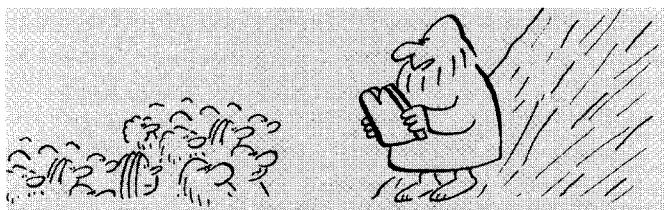

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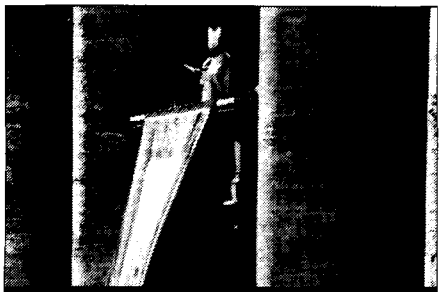
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The Politics and Organization of the Catholic Church
THOMAS J. REESE

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—Diego Ribadeneira, BOSTON GLOBE

"Thomas Reese does an admirable job of lifting the veil of secrecy surrounding the Holy See to examine the nuts and bolts of the operation... [He] paints a revealingly human portrait of Vatican life...Ultimately, this is the merit of *Inside the Vatican:* Reese gets it right. And in [such] a place...that's no easy task."
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—Mary N. MacDonald, AMERICA

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CORRESPONDENCE

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tion at a local level, we could increase our active membership by 40 percent.

JOSEPH G. SHARKEY
Toms River, N.J.

Ridicule reigns

Peter Steinfels's article, "A Tarnished 'Republic'" [June 19], voices a journalistic ideal that seems to have died out in the United States over the past thirty years. What he so aptly says of the *New Republic* is becoming common: "It did not take [Stephen] Glass's blatant fabrications to undermine the credibility of the *New Republic*'s articles. A skillful writer can execute a hatchet job or build the simulacrum of a case with unrepresentative or out-of-context quotes and anecdotes...."

Some publications don't even bother to be subtle. Sarcasm and ridicule for other points of view have become acceptable. *Commonweal* is now an oasis, where right, left, and center receive a hearing in important controversies, as exemplified in your recent symposium on prayer [June 5].

(MRS.) CLAUDETTE KANE
Austin, Tex.

Well-made 'Herbal Bed'

When my husband and I saw *The Herbal Bed* we enjoyed its intelligence but recognized that its subtleties doomed it to a very short run. Nonetheless, it was disheartening to find *Commonweal*'s critic among the doomers [June 5].

The play is a dramatization of the ambiguities encountered in almost any attempt to act ethically and judge others accurately. There is more than one truth, as a play with Shakespeare in its moral background must acknowledge. There is the truth of fact. There is the truth of metaphor. There is the truth that fact can perhaps reveal but which it can also distort. There is more than one kind of feminism, and the kind that Susanna acts upon preceded not only Betty Friedan but the suffragettes as well: How does anyone—woman or man—succeed in realizing talents in spite of social constraint?

And there is more than one kind of love. Without the benefit of incredibly good luck, a woman as complex as Susanna will have difficulty satisfying all her loves. She follows her passion for healing when it leads her to marry the healer whom she respects and loves and whose vocation provides room for her own talents to flourish. But she is passionate in other ways as well, and it is Rafe who could satisfy that less intellectual passion as her husband cannot. Only circumstances prevent her from expressing that passion, but when she must choose which passion to honor, she chooses her husband and the productive life they have forged together. That this calmer love is as real as her love for Rafe is made touchingly clear as husband and wife exchange glances during her trial before the vicar.

Most telling of all, there is more than one kind of Puritan. Susanna's husband and her lover are Puritans who seek to avoid evil, to walk humbly before their God, and to do good. The vicar is of another stripe—a Puritan so sure of his own rectitude that he sees it as his mission to separate the tares from the wheat before the harvest, to do what the humbler Christian leaves to God, to root out evil, and he does so with such ruthlessness that he seems to rejoice in how much good must also be destroyed in the course of such "purification." He is assuming as his what belongs to God. When he tells Susanna's maid that the devil is tempting her, it is no wonder that she seems to see—as should the audience—Satan at his shoulder.

So, yes, as Celia Wren says, she does commit formal perjury. But what is her choice? She can truthfully give the piece of evidence which would serve to convict a man and woman she knows to be good, though in truth such testimony would only distort reality and lend support to a tale told by a man she knows to be a liar, a layabout, and a lecherous boor (an aspect of the case that Wren ignores). The devil is indeed

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Tests of faith

It may be that there is nothing new in *Ad tuendam fidem* ("To Defend the Faith"), John Paul II's June 30 apostolic letter. Perhaps, as many have said, by setting out the levels of church teaching and adding these more consistently to canon law, the pope is simply emphasizing and clarifying the responsibility of church leaders and teachers to uphold Catholic teaching.

And it may be that the accompanying commentary from the Congregation of the Doctrine of the Faith has no particular standing except as one possible illustration of those three levels of teaching, which were added to the Nicene Creed in a 1989 revision of the profession of faith to be taken by church officials and professors of Catholic theology. The levels consist, first, of truths considered divinely revealed in Scripture and tradition or by the solemn or universal judgment of the church; second, teachings not considered explicitly revealed but so intimately linked to revealed truths as to require full and definitive assent from every Catholic who wishes to be in full communion with the church; and third, teachings that are official and requiring adherence even if not yet judged definitive or irreformable. It is clearly the second of these that the pope's letter and the CDF commentary wish to expand; the examples provided in the commentary include the restriction of priestly ordination to males, the illicitness of euthanasia and prostitution, the legitimacy of papal elections, and the invalidity of Anglican orders.

Some commentators seem prepared to minimize the reach of this action. "No one intends to put the brakes on discussion and dialogue," says Archbishop Tarcisio Berone, who signed the CDF commentary along with Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger, adding of course a warning that "dissent and debate" must not "go so far as to touch the definitions of the faith" (*see, Origins*, July 16, 1998, which also contains the pope's letter and CDF commentary). A number of theologians and canonists, perhaps to avoid futile wrangling, appear similarly ready to downplay this development.

So why, if there is nothing new or alarming here, did reading these documents make us feel so dispirited and discouraged? Just the usual liberal reaction to the Vatican's relentless pursuit of doctrinal conformity? Or just the sinking realization that a nineteenth-century understanding of the church really is being restored? Or was there something more (*see*, Richard McCormick, page 12, and James Coriden, page 13)?

Was it that the ties of faith that should bind us to the Catholic tradition of pope and hierarchy seem here to resemble a noose? Was it that the examples set forth in the CDF commentary seemed carefully selected to draw that noose tighter? Was it the absence of any credible sense of historical or doctrinal development that made the CDF commentary seem arbitrary, written not to encourage faith but to dictate it?

The pope and the Vatican are building a structure of church authority that is reaching new heights of complexity and legalism—and is being asked to bear more and more weight. Every college freshman knows that there are many things over the centuries about which the church, despite the Holy Spirit, has simply been

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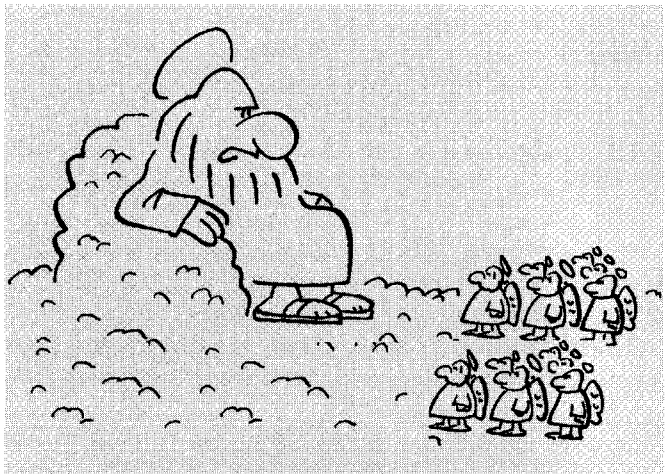
wrong—*wrong*—and that there are some things about which its teaching has changed—*changed*—and not all the apologetic sophistries under the sun will demonstrate otherwise. To construct a structure of doctrinal authority without addressing this elementary fact is practically to beg that the whole thing, like the faulty scaffolding in Times Square, come crashing down. The report published in our last issue on the indifference of young Catholics to the institutional church suggests that the process of disintegration is well underway.

"But isn't this reaction altogether too dramatic?" we asked ourselves. It often seemed that way as we sought the opinions and counsel of others. In fact, among the truly sanguine, there is the view that here is but another *fin de regime* maneuver that will be duly buried in the next pontificate. Why rail against the last stand of a brilliant man? History and the Holy Spirit will sort the wheat from the chaff.

No sooner did we entertain those thoughts than a new test of faith came along.

On July 24, the Vatican released another papal letter, this one "On the Theological and Juridical Nature of Episcopal Conferences" (*see*, Robert Imbelli, page 14). Whatever technical juridical issues the letter may resolve, and whatever level of authority it finally may grant episcopal conferences, it is pretty clear that the Vatican has strictly limited their collegial and particular, or local, character. Under terms of the letter, a document of a doctrinal character issued by an episcopal conference must be unanimously agreed to; absent that, the conference must seek the approval of the Vatican. There can be no bright-line distinction, of course, between pastoral and doctrinal. Much of what bishops' conferences like the National Conference of Catholic Bishops do and say for largely pastoral purposes nonetheless has doctrinal implications. Surely the 1983 "pastoral" letter on war and peace and the 1986 "pastoral" letter on Catholic social teaching and the U.S. economy had some doctrinal implications. And though both letters drew only a handful of negative votes, that would suffice to turn final authorship over to what are Vatican offices with no real episcopal accountability at all (and whose willingness to interfere and to override the overwhelming opinion of bishops' conferences has been amply demonstrated in the case of English translations of liturgical texts).



"I've had it with all you yes-men!— I'm going to create something with free will!"

We await the opinion of ecclesiologists as to the theory of episcopal authority embedded in the letter, but we note that its rhetorical strategy is essentially to reduce the standing of national bishops' conferences by contrasting them with both the bishop in his diocese and the full authority of the universal college of bishops. There is something bordering on hypocrisy here when one thinks of curial efforts to harass and overawe individual bishops, on the one hand, and to control and cripple the initiatives and discussions at the worldwide Synods of Bishops, which in principle should reflect that more authoritative collegiality.

Again, there are voices to remind us, what does it matter? The American bishops' conference, for example, has already been growing inert, secretive, and apprehensive of second-guessing by Rome, to the point that some bishops have been heard doubting that it is even worthwhile to attend conference meetings. Perhaps some respected bishops may see the latest letter as a signal to cease being team players and to speak their minds as individuals. It would be an ironic, although not unprecedented, twist if a measure aimed at enforcing unity ended by eroding it.

Are we right to find these letters from Rome dispiriting and discouraging? Is it fair to say that this papacy is in the hands of fear-filled men? Of course, not all their fears are groundless. Some Catholics have adopted a theological minimalism that gives as little weight to the fact of long-held teachings as curialists give to the fact of doctrinal development. There is an extraordinary challenge to maintaining unity in a church that now ranges across cultures and politically independent nations in a way for which there has been little historical preparation.

But we look long and hard at the actions issuing from Rome without finding anything different from strategies that were tried over the last two centuries in Europe. Those strategies not only failed to arrest but probably advanced the secularization of culture and the marginalization of Christianity so lamented by the pope.

Can we offer alternative strategies? They would begin with a turn to prayer and ever deeper theological reflection, recognizing that the latest turns in papal policies constitute for some Catholics not merely organizational difficulties but a challenge to their faith in the church itself. Anticipating an extended period when church authority will be weakened by self-inflicted wounds, we must create independent institutions that take orthodoxy seriously without depending on ecclesiastical threats or purges. We must keep in mind Jesus' admonition of how others will know us: by our love.

Those are but starting points. Yet without some such departure from the present course, where the defense of the faith becomes itself a test of the faith, the celebration of the millennium, by which this pontiff sets so much store, may turn out to be a grand and hollow event.

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ABIGAIL McCARTHY

DYING TO VOTE

Where has all the passion gone?

Struggles for the vote—for the enfranchisement of every citizen—have marked the history of the twentieth century. In the early 1900s there was the protracted battle for women's suffrage. Leaders suffered ridicule and opprobrium, even imprisonment and brutal treatment, for advancing their cause. But eventually they won. There was also the less-controversial effort to secure voting rights for eighteen-year-olds: "old enough to fight for the country, old enough to vote."

Midcentury brought the strenuous push for civil rights that culminated in the passage of the Voting Rights Act of 1965. Two books published this year remind us of the depth and strength of that movement, of lives lost and the terrible beatings endured by the advocates of nonviolence who led it. These are David Halberstam's *The Children* (Random House), and *Walking with the Wind* (Simon and Schuster), the memoir of Congressman John Lewis (D-Ga.), who almost lost his life twice from severe beatings—once as a Freedom Rider and four years later in the march on Selma.

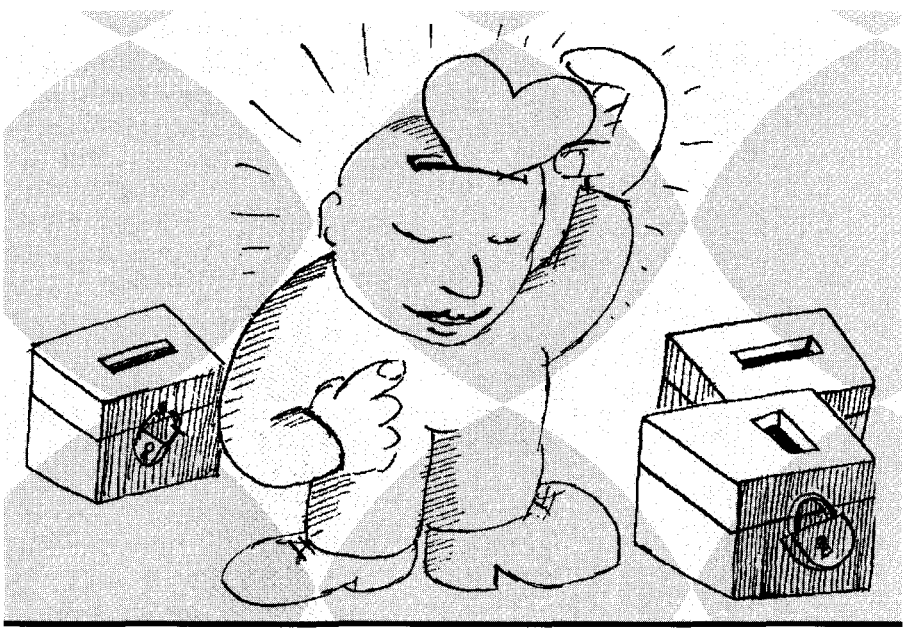
Halberstam, at the time a twenty-five-year-old reporter assigned to cover the story, writes of Lewis's response to President Lyndon Johnson's announcement of the voters' rights acts that Johnson intended to send to Congress: "One man, one vote; we have it now, Lewis thought. They were going to get rid of everything that he hated about Alabama and Mississippi—the literacy tests, the poll tax, the hundreds of cruel ways in which blacks were suppressed, *first and foremost by denying them the vote*" [italics mine]. The vote was key and precious. The story of the struggle to gain it was "an example of democracy at work because of the courage and nobility of ordinary people," says Halberstam.

It comes as a real shock then to read in a report from the nonpartisan Committee for the Study of the American Electorate that today the right to vote is so little valued that *120 million* of those eligible may not exercise that right in the next national election. This conclusion was reached on the basis of four studies made by the committee: a study of recent statewide primary turnout, a summary study of the 1996 general election, an analysis of census data from recent elections, and a study of the impact of procedural reforms on turnout. Each study confirmed, in one way or another, a steady decline in voter turnout. The general election of 1996 had the lowest turnout since 1924, and, outside the South, the lowest since 1824.

In the past, the Center for the Study of the American Electorate has tried to increase turnout by sponsoring changes in election and voter procedures, such as the motor-voter law. Unfortunately, the study shows, these changes have had little effect. In fact, they may have had an inverse result. Curtis Gans, director of the committee, says of this dismaying fact: "The problem we have is not procedural but motivational, and there is no quick fix for what ails the American political system." Obviously, that system is in trouble. Voting, according to the report, is and has been the lowest-common-denominator political act—those who don't vote do not participate in any other form of "socially engaged or political activity."

What has caused this decline in engagement? The report answers: "The fragmentation of our society by television and, increasingly, the computer; the decline of integrating institutions and the undermining of community...." What can reverse the decline? According to the report, only an effort at restoring the conditions which effected healthy turnout between the 1930s and the mid-1960s: "...a commitment to developing the person as a citizen; a politics governed by minimal bounds of civility, comity and common purpose; major and central mobilizing issues; a media committed to informing; and a general belief in the honor of the political enterprise."

Two other reports suggest how this may be possible but extremely difficult. The National Commission on Civic Renewal—chaired by former Senator Sam Nunn, a Democrat, and William J. Bennett, former secretary of education and a Republican—has issued "A Nation of Spectators," while the Kettering Foun-



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dation has funded another, "Governing America: Our Choices, Our Challenge." Both reports insist that it is only by becoming active participants in civic life that a genuine sense of empowerment and trust is likely to be reestablished.

The Nunn report urges every citizen to commit to participation in a local or neighborhood group that has a problem-solving agenda for the local community. The report gives examples of thousands of community and religious groups doing just that. Both reports endorse active citizenship as a part of every young person's education—for example, doing volunteer work at social agencies.

Whether these approaches will succeed in raising the level of political awareness and engagement is a question. Director Gans notes that there is no evidence that volunteer work stimulates political action. And *Washington Post* political columnist David Broder has pointed out the weakness in the emphasis on student civic education: "But youngsters learn by example, and both reports are candid about the difficulty of jarring millions of us adults out of our lethargy and cynicism. Television is a powerful isolating distraction, absorbing hour after hour of time that could be far better used. The temptation to blame others—the government, the politicians, the interests—is enormous."

It behooves each of us to give this serious thought. It is, alas, true that, as Gans concluded his committee's report: "It is time to recognize that the democracy which may be in the most trouble is the one which prides itself on being the world's greatest...." □

Jim Wayne

AFFORDABLE HOUSING

A state rep shows how

Former President Jimmy Carter swings a big hammer. He proved it to me last year in the mountains of Kentucky. Carter joined hundreds of volunteers in a seven-day Habitat for Humanity blitz that built 155 houses in central Appalachia. Thousands of families in the region live in substandard houses or in units they cannot afford. So the Habitat volunteers built modest frame homes on the hillsides and in the hollows. Since 1976, Habitat has constructed over 65,000 such homes.

But as impressive as this achievement is, it is a drop in the bucket when it comes to meeting the housing needs of 27 million poor Americans. According to the *Wall Street Journal* (June 17), low-income housing is in such short supply that there are nearly two families competing for every affordable unit. And the situation is not likely to improve as the cost of housing increases nationally, the wages of low-income families remain stagnant, and the federal government continues its retreat from replenishing housing stock. What is needed to address the situation is a sustained, well-financed government/private-sector campaign.

According to current federal guidelines, the cost of a family's housing should amount to less than 30 percent of household income. But for millions of Americans, spending half or more of their incomes on shelter is the rule. That means they have too little left to cover food, clothes, transportation, child care, and medical costs. During winter months they must decide whether to "eat or heat." While 15 million poor households qualified for federal housing assistance last year, for lack of federal funding only 4.5 million received it. And whereas Habitat and other nonprofit housing groups have built more than 450,000 units across the country since 1986, it would take over a hundred years at that rate to provide affordable homes for just 5 million of the most impoverished households in America.

To put flesh on these statistics, I recently volunteered with the Walk a Mile program. For a one-month period, the program matches elected officials with someone on welfare. My match was a recently divorced mother of seven who works full time at $7.15 an hour. Her yearly take-home pay including welfare benefits is about $13,000. Her monthly rent, $425, does not include utilities. At an estimated $100 per month for the latter, total housing costs consume 48 percent of this woman's income, more than twice the national average. The Walk a Mile program helped me to see how damaging the scarcity of decent, affordable housing is to such families, and, by expansion, to whole communities. For affordable housing strengthens both families and neighborhoods by promoting individual responsibility and job opportunities.

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Today, despite the demonstrated need, the federal government is largely out of the business of producing low-income housing. In the past, it not only subsidized the construction of such housing, but also augmented the incomes of the poor to meet their housing needs. In recent years, the Clinton administration has cut back on construction allocations and has had a policy of near zero-growth in Section 8 subsidies (although it is seeking authorization of an additional 100,000 subsidized units next year). The Section 8 program was damaged politically over the years by some landlords who were not held accountable for the maintenance or supervision of their units. Still, the federal government has a proper role in assuring adequate and available housing nationally.

As a state legislator, however, I believe the strongest government response to the poor's housing needs should rest with the states. Historically, the states assumed too little responsibility for housing their citizens. In the last thirty years, however, state housing corporations have been formed to provide below-market financing for many low-income homebuyers. By relying on the sale of tax-free bonds, these corporations have been successful in making home ownership a reality for millions of Americans of very modest means, without the use of tax dollars.

Historically, however, states seldom budgeted tax dollars for those who could not afford the purchase of a home, the people at the very bottom of the housing ladder. That is changing. Trust funds for affordable housing have now been established in thirty-three states. They are designed to supplement other funding sources for a variety of low-income housing needs. The largest such fund is Florida's. At $120 million per year since 1992—earned from a documentary stamp tax—the trust fund has built or rehabilitated tens of thousands of units. One example is the Rio Towers, a combined rehabilitation and new construction site in the Little Havana district of Miami. It consists of efficiencies and one-bedroom apartments for the elderly poor. The Archdiocese of Miami leases space for a children's day-care center in the Towers, and this has created twenty new jobs. The East Havana Community Development Corporation, which built and manages the Towers, has developed a foster-grandparent program that links children in day care with Tower residents. Besides Florida, other states with substantial funds include Washington ($50 million annually), New Jersey ($16 million), Ohio ($16 million), Illinois ($13 million), Vermont ($10.8 million), and Tennessee ($10 million).

States utilize a variety of revenue sources for their trust funds, but many depend on some form of real estate transfer fees. Nonprofit housing coalitions have been able to persuade realtors and homebuilder associations, powerful brokers in any state capitol, to agree to these fees, since they benefit from the trust funds' infusion of capital into their industries. The trust funds have also proven successful in large part because local leaders have designed the programs to meet their communities' needs. Most state criteria for grants have been left broad intentionally to encourage local planning, design, and administration.

Yet while the funds have been successful, they still lack adequate commitment from local decision-makers. For example, during the last six years, my own state of Kentucky allocated $1.6 million for its fund, which in turn leveraged an additional $32 million and helped to provide 819 safe, affordable units in 52 of Kentucky's 120 counties. But to really meet the housing needs of the poor Kentuckians, the state ought to have been providing $20 million a year, which in turn could have leveraged another $100 million.

The challenge of building affordable homes in the United States will not be met by war-on-poverty-type federal programs. Those methods proved inadequate and sometimes socially disastrous. Building housing for America's poor requires that government, on all levels, join with nonprofits and the private sector. State trust funds provide one useful model that needs to be enhanced and supported. □

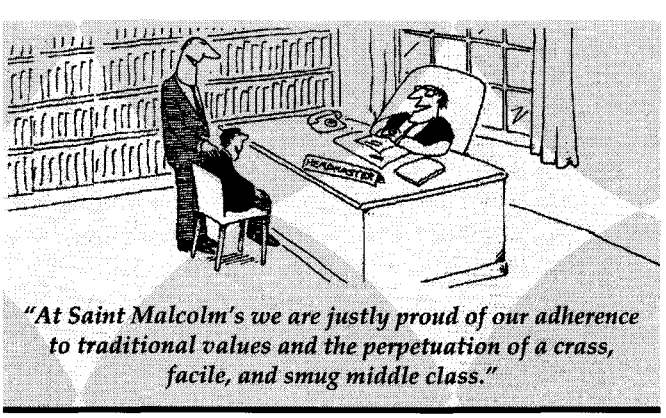
Jim Wayne, *state representative for the 35th District in Kentucky, was the 1996 recipient of the Mae Street Kidd Outstanding Service Award from the Kentucky Housing Corporation. He is also a licensed clinical social worker.*

Susanne Washburn

MAKING SCHOOLS EQUAL

Vermont shows it ain't easy

The right of every American child to a public school education is nearly as sacrosanct as the Constitution itself. Some public schools, of course, are better than others. Because the public school system in the United States is for the most part funded by local property taxes, the discrepancy in the quality of education from town to town can be dramatic. Wealthier municipalities will usually spend more on their schools than do poorer towns. Money isn't everything, but a strong correlation does exist between school spending and student achievement. Many people, as well as the activist American Civil Liberties Union, argue that the failure to equalize spend-



"At Saint Malcolm's we are justly proud of our adherence to traditional values and the perpetuation of a crass, facile, and smug middle class."

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Meeting

On the bridge, he sips her breath,
seals her back, is of her shape

what she is not. I am already that
which they abhor—my unintentioned

place in their sun, intrusive. If
those waters could keep their gaze,

I'd slip into shadow, retrace my
own false steps, turn up elsewhere—

though when I first began, this path
was mine. They notice me—and

part. Half a step beyond, I am
tempted by their love to try again.

Diane Beaty

ing across school district lines places poor children at a disadvantage and is an unconstitutional denial of equal opportunity. Successfully suing in state courts, equal-spending advocates have forced states from California to New Jersey to reconfigure school funding.

Certainly laudable in the abstract, equalizing school spending is much trickier in the details, especially when it deprives voters of their traditional control over local taxes and school budgets. In California, for example, voters have notoriously refused to increase taxes, not without effect on a once exemplary public school system. However much justice requires comparable school spending, any scheme that deprives successful schools of previous funding would seem destined to face widespread resistance from parents.

Perhaps the most far-reaching "equalization" court ruling is now being fitfully implemented in Vermont. According to the Vermont Supreme Court's *Brigham* decision in early 1997, some school districts routinely spent twice as much per student as other districts. The court concluded that the funding system had "fallen short of providing every school-age child in Vermont with an equal educational opportunity." To achieve equity, the General Assembly passed Act 60, which replaces the local school tax traditionally paid to the town with a state education tax. This tax, currently gauged at $1.10 per hundred dollars of assessed property value, is meant to cover only a bare-bones education (roughly $5,000 per pupil).

Under Act 60, individual towns may vote to increase their taxes to enhance the quality of local schools beyond the state's bare-bones funding. However, the law further requires that a portion of all monies raised above the basic tax rate go to the state for redistribution. If wealthier towns—called "gold" towns—want to spend extra money on their schools (say another $2,000 per pupil) they must also raise extra money for poorer towns. According to one estimate, for every additional dollar wealthy Stratton (a ski resort) sends to the state, it will get back four cents. Another well-off village, Dorset, is due for fifty cents per extra dollar. Towns with the lowest property value-per-child, on the other hand, will get a return of $4.50 or $6.00 for every extra dollar they remit. In short, taxes for school spending, once jealously controlled at the local level, will soon be collected on a statewide basis and redistributed according to an esoteric formula that determines "need."

An underlying assumption of Act 60 was that wealthier towns would continue to fund education at previous levels. But as other legislative snafus from Washington on down have demonstrated, such assumptions are by no means a certainty. To match their before-Act 60 spending, gold towns face doubling and tripling tax bills. Not surprisingly, opposition to Act 60 soon became a firestorm, with opponents designing numerous creative end runs around the new law. Privatizing public schools is one startling solution afoot in two towns. Taxpayer revolts of several kinds are also taking shape.

Among epithets directed at Act 60, one often hears "Socialist." As it happens, Bernie Sanders, Vermont's sole U.S. representative, is the lone self-described Socialist in Congress. Yet were he governor, Sanders has said, he would have tied school spending more to a progressive income tax rather than to property taxes. In fact, an income tax element was part of the original bill the Vermont House passed, before a conference committee changed it.

While income tax went out, a degree of "income sensitivity" was incorporated into Act 60. Vermonters with household income under $75,000 a year and a homestead with no more than two acres of land, will not pay more than 2 percent of their income toward the basic state school tax. They will also contribute proportionately to additional town education taxes. To facilitate the adjustment, those residents have recently received a transitional "prebate," a one-time check from the state to help pay next year's higher taxes. Still, nothing seems straightforward when fine-tuning the tax system, and applying for the prebate turned into a time-consuming headache for accountants and an even bigger chore for the lay tax preparer.

Despite Act 60's income-sensitivity provision, all lower-income owners of more than two acres of land will slip

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through the cracks. In the state's pristine Northeast Kingdom the town of Victory provides a salient example. It is home to sixty voters, largely retirees who own former farms of typically 100 acres. To educate its six students, Victory pays tuition to schools in other towns. Due for a doubling of the tax rate under Act 60, the town asked the state to allow it to continue under the old system. "We do not think that Act 60 was intended for communities like us, land rich, relatively low-income, with no schools in operation," the town's Select Board wrote in its unanswered request.

There are other complications. Under Act 60, two-thirds of the money for education in Vermont will come from the state's biggest income producers, tourism and recreation, with the prospect that jobs will be lost. Owners of second homes, a significant economic resource in Vermont, will also be hard hit. Their school taxes will double or triple, and in some cases rise by a factor of six, when Act 60 is fully implemented in July 2000.

Employing signs, flyers, and internet sites, Act 60 opponents are scaling the barricades. They are outraged at the prospect of good schools dismantled and the loss of revered local control. East Dorset resident Mary Barrosse, mother of three young children and a doctor's wife, who chairs Vermont Parents for Quality Education (VPQE) says, "The legislature got it all wrong. What Vermonters really wanted was not for some schools to be brought down, but for all schools to be lifted up. We believe that education is the best opportunity for middle- and lower-class kids."

Besides Barrosse's VPQE, other groups are rallying opponents. Out in front: Vermont Coalition of Municipalities with a roster of fifty-two officials, a quarter of them from towns that will benefit from but are philosophically opposed to Act 60; and the Stowe Act 60 Action committee, a leading advocate statewide. The antis are uniting around an alternative-funding proposal called Education Revenue Sharing (ERS), crafted to meet *Brigham*'s demands, and now a bill in the legislature.

ERS would repeal portions of Act 60 and retain others. It creates a new formula for distribution of state aid, the key to which is not the property wealth of the school district, but the income of residents. The district's ability to pay would be calculated for all—whether individuals, businesses, or second-home owners—from the residents' state income tax figures. In districts where need exists ERS would enhance school funds.

As the groundswell of opposition indicates and even its proponents admit, whatever its merits Act 60 was far from perfect. In March 1998, the legislature passed Act 71, a "technical corrections" bill that attempted to iron out the multiple wrinkles in the law. Tagged the "soft landing," it provided assorted adjustments designed to ease the transition for hard-hit gold towns. Since Act 60 became law, those towns have feared everything from 50 percent cuts in teaching staffs to pay-to-play high school sports. Thanks to Act 71, layoffs and cutbacks were reduced temporarily, although they were not eliminated.

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Still other groups are determined to circumvent Act 60. New to the scene is the Dorset Educational Foundation (DEF). Its goal is to maintain the town's higher-priced school without raising taxes. The foundation will raise money privately to bridge the gap between Dorset's actual school budget and the state's basic block-grant payment. If the foundation is successful in raising private contributions outside the tax system, the state would get nothing from Dorset as its contribution to Act 60's equalized-yield mechanism. Says Geoff Chapman, president of DEF, "We don't disbelieve in what is behind Act 60 itself, but we certainly disagree with the method chosen to fund it."

From the capital to the town offices, the schools and the taxpayers all across the state, Vermont is seized with Act 60 uncertainty. Yet comparable school opportunity, regardless of wealth, is a matter of fundamental fairness. Other states, including New Hampshire, Maine, Colorado, and Arkansas are at different stages on the road to eliminating the classic relationship of property taxes to schools. Given *Brigham*, Act 60, and the subsequent fallout, Vermont serves today as a virtual lab school where the nation can observe just how hard a job it will be to achieve equal educational opportunity. □

Susanne Washburn, *a former* Time *magazine reporter, lives in Dorset, Vermont.*

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PUNISHING DISSENT

Coralling theologians, containing bishops

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In his widely heralded speech at the opening of Vatican II, John XXIII mentioned errors that threaten the truth of the Lord. "The church," he said, "has always opposed these errors. Frequently she has condemned them with the greatest severity. Nowadays, however, the Spouse of Christ prefers to make use of the medicine of mercy rather than that of severity. She considers that she meets the needs of the present day by demonstrating the validity of her teaching rather than by condemnations."

These words symbolized the collegial and mutually trusting attitudes of bishops and theologians that made Vatican II possible. That was then. Now is now. On May 18, John Paul II issued the apostolic letter *Ad tuendam fidem* ("To Defend the Faith"). In it he outlawed dissent from "definitive" even if not formally revealed truths. Indeed, Canon 1371 is now to state that dissenters "may be punished with a just penalty."

The pope does not state what these teachings are. Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger fills this *lacuna* with his commentary on the apostolic letter. He lists the following as "definitively" taught: rejection of prostitution, fornication, euthanasia; restriction of ordination to men; legitimacy of the election of the pope and convocation of an ecumenical council; the canonization of saints; and the declaration of Leo XIII in 1896 that Anglican orders are invalid. Ratzinger declares that we must give "firm and definitive assent" to these teachings. Failure to do so means that individuals would "no longer be in full communion with the Catholic church."

There are several things worthy of note in this papal initiative. First, it represents no surprise. The coercive trajectory has been clear for many years. In *Veritatis splendor* (1993), John Paul II reminded bishops that they are "to have recourse to appropriate measures to ensure that the faithful are guarded from every doctrine and theory contrary to" the church's moral teaching. Cardinal Ratzinger, in his "Instruction on the Ecclesial Vocation of the Theologian" (1990), remarks on the situation of a theologian who cannot give his intellectual assent to a proposition. He says: "It can be a call to suffer for the truth, in silence and prayer...." Briefly, any public dissent is anathema.

Second, the mention of the invalidity of Anglican orders represents a remarkable insensitivity, coming as it did just weeks before the Lambeth Conference. Furthermore, if it is "definitive" teaching that Anglican orders are invalid, how is it that the pope could present George Carey, the archbishop of Canterbury, a gold pectoral cross on the occasion of Carey's visit to Rome and allow him to march fully vested and mitred at the Church of Saint Gregory the Great? The pope is not accustomed to doing this for laity.

Third, the category of "definitive" teaching, demanding irrevocable consent is troubling at the practical level. On questions of moral theology, Karl Rahner noted of authentic church teaching: "These statements of the magisterium, although they can make no claim to be definitive, are nonetheless presented in such a way as though in fact they are definitive" ("Open Questions in Dogma Considered by the Institutional Church as Definitively Answered," *Journal of Ecumenical Studies*, Spring, 1978).

Theologians will have little problem with the "firm and definitive" assent to be given to teachings proposed definitively. What they will want to know is: When is the teaching "definitive" and who determines this? Do historians and theologians have no say here? Do officials simply decree it to be so? In this perspective, Ratzinger's list represents a fallible judgment on what is infallibly taught.

In the long haul, the significance of the pope's initiative and Ratzinger's accompanying commentary may be the symbolization of a shift in ecclesial climate—from persuasion to coercion. Paul VI wanted people to be *convaincus, pas vaincus* (convinced, not conquered). This is no longer our climate. It is one of "frosty" coercion, an adjective used by the late Bernard Häring in his last letter to me.

A coercive atmosphere in the church is counterproductive. It threatens ministry, sours the laity and divides the church—the very opposite of what the pope intended.

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In particular, I see three impacts of a coercive atmosphere on the teaching office of the church.

- *The Weakening of the Episcopal Magisterium.* Here we should recall the theological force of episcopal agreement described in *Lumen gentium*, no. 25. If the bishops around the world are united with the pope in their teaching, then that teaching can achieve a greater level of stability and certainty, and indeed achieve infallible status if the teaching is a proper object of infallibility and is presented as something to be held definitively. But the unity must be genuine and clear.

In a coercive atmosphere both the genuiness and clarity are put in serious doubt. First, the genuiness. Here we would recall one of the arguments made during the deliberations of the so-called Birth Control Commission in the 1960s. It was contended that the church could not modify its teaching on birth regulation because that teaching had been proposed unanimously as certain by the bishops around the world with the pope over a long period of time. To this point Cardinal Leo-Joseph Suenens of Belgium replied: "We have heard arguments based on 'what the bishops all taught for decades.' Well, the bishops did defend the classical position. But is was imposed on them by authority. The bishops didn't study the pros and cons. They received directives, they bowed to them, and they tried to explain them to their congregations." In a coercive atmosphere people will repeat things because they are told to and threatened with punishment if they say anything else. Episcopal unity is revealed as enforced, not genuine.

As for clarity, the more likely scenario in a coercive atmosphere is that the bishops (some at least) will say nothing if they disagree. In such circumstances, to read episcopal silence as unanimity is self-deceptive.

When the genuiness and clarity of episcopal agreement have been cast into grave doubt by a coercive atmosphere, the episcopal magisterium itself has been undermined. The meaning of consensus has been eviscerated. The bishops should be the first ones to protest this diminishment of their magisterium, and the atmosphere that grounds it.

- *The Weakening of the Papal Magisterium.* This follows from the first point. If bishops are not speaking their true sentiments, then clearly the pope is not able to draw on the wisdom and reflection of the bishops in the exercise of his ordinary magisterium. When this happens, the presumption of truth in papal teaching is weakened, because such a presumption assumes that the ordinary sources of human understanding have been consulted. That is why what is called the "enforcement of doctrine" is literally counterproductive. It weakens the very vehicle (papal magisterium) that proposes to be the agent of strength and certainty.

- *The Marginalization of Theologians.* Coercive measures will almost certainly have the effect of quieting theologians, at least on certain issues. This further erodes both the episcopal and papal magisterium by silencing yet another source of understanding and growth. If reputable theologians are marginalized, the magisterium is proportionately weakened.

As noted, that was then. Now is now. □

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Pope John Paul II signed an apostolic letter on May 18, 1998, titled *Ad tuendam fidem*, "To Defend the Faith." The terse letter, which was given *motu proprio* (on his own initiative), made two minor changes in the church's two governing books of canons, the 1983 *Code of Canon Law* for the Latin church and the 1990 *Code of Canons of the Eastern Churches.*

The letter inserted into the canons a category of "definitively proposed" teachings about faith or morals which must be "accepted and held," and a provision to permit the punishment of anyone who "pertinaciously rejects" such teachings and fails to make a retraction after being admonished to do so. The precise punishment is not specified, but excommunication is not excluded.

The Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith (CDF) articulated this category of doctrines in 1989 as a part of a new formula for the profession of faith which some categories of officials, for example, cardinals, bishops, pastors, deacons, and seminary professors, are canonically required to make when first assuming office. These doctrines are not those revealed by God and taught by the church as revealed, but are those which the church's teaching authority considers to be *connected* to God's revealed truths so closely that they are required in order to safeguard or expound those revealed truths.

Even though this category of teachings has been included in the official profession of faith since 1989, it had not been included in the church's canons, and, more importantly, the rejection of these teachings was not a punishable offense until now.

Three things are especially worthy of note about this little letter: (1) the exercise of rule-making authority, (2) the canonical enforcement of faith, and (3) the content of this category of teaching.

First, nowhere is the raw monarchical authority of the modern papacy more clearly revealed than in this sort of legislative action. The pope, with a stroke of his pen, can and did change the law for the entire Roman Catholic church, without a gesture toward collegiality or an attempt at consultation. He is not deemed *unicus legislator* for the whole church in the canons, but that is the way he is free to act.

Second, Pope John Paul II, despite his philosophical background and his writing on the "splendor of truth," has already left a legacy of these attempts to *enforce* an expanded scope of faith-related teachings by juridical means:

- He added a punitive provision to the 1983 *Code* so that those who disagreed with even nondefinitive teachings could be penalized. This provision had no parallel in the 1917 *Code*, nor was it recommended by those who worked on the code's revision for fifteen years. It was one of changes the pope made in the canons after they were turned over to him in 1982.

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Commonweal's regular schedule resumes with our next issue dated September 11.

• The pope approved on September 19, 1989, the new formula for the profession of faith which the CDF had already made public on January 9 of that year. This is the formula which he added to the canons and reinforced with a penalty by this recent letter.

• The pope, on May 30, 1997, specifically granted to the CDF an exception to the canons which permits the Congregation to declare the excommunication of someone it judges to be guilty of heresy, based on its own internal regulations, without giving that person the benefit of the ordinary canonical penal procedures, for example, access to evidence and representation by counsel. Initiating a penal trial after the Congregation had reached its conclusions was seen to be "pure and unjustified juridical formalism."

Third, what is the content of this category of doctrines which are now canonically enforced? The CDF offered a short list of examples of those noninfallible truths which are so *connected* to divine revelation, either historically or logically, that they must be given firm and definitive assent by all of the faithful: the infallibility and primacy of jurisdiction of the pope before they were defined at the First Vatican Council, the reservation of priestly ordination to men, the illicitness of euthanasia, the illicitness of prostitution and fornication, the legitimacy of the election of the pope or of the celebration of an ecumenical council, the canonization of saints, the declaration of the invalidity of Anglican ordinations.

At another time a list of the same category of teachings might have included: the existence of limbo, the permissibility of slavery, the illicitness of lending money at interest, the episcopacy as a dignity but not a part of the sacrament of orders, the coercion of religious observance by the state.

No one needs to ask for whom this letter was intended. In the opening sentence the pope states that it is "to defend the faith of the Catholic church against errors arising from some of the Christian faithful, especially those engaged in the study of theological disciplines." □

ROBERT P. IMBELLI
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In the fall of 1993, I made a memorable first trip to Prague. One of the high points was a concelebrated Mass in the cathedral on the feast of Saint Wenceslaus, the patron of Bohemia. The main presider and preacher was Archbishop Miloslav Vlk of Prague.

The archbishop embodied a personal authority that went beyond the ecclesial office he held. He had been prevented from exercising his ministry during the Communist regime and had worked for many years as a window washer. During the years of persecution, the archbishop had offered his people an impressive witness of integrity and commitment. As he stood in the cathedral on that late September day, preaching with crozier in hand, I imagined I saw a squeegee attached to the end of the crook, an image that only enhanced his authority.

It was with some disappointment, then, that I read the remarks attributed to the now Cardinal Vlk, during the presentation to the press of Pope John Paul II's apostolic letter *Apostolos suos* ("The Theological and Juridical Nature of Episcopal Conferences"). As reported in the *New York Times*, Cardinal Vlk, referring to Rome, insisted: "Creativity can be found here—this is the place for creativity."

Now, one certainly gives grateful assent to the distinctive Catholic belief in the special ministry of the See of Peter. And one acknowledges, among other debts, the providential role Rome played in preventing the Eastern European Communist dictatorships from fracturing the unity of the church into so many state-controlled organizations. But does it follow that there is no room for creativity save on Tiber's shore? Or that the Creator Spirit only blows south of the Alps?

In the same press conference, Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger (who seems to be working overtime this summer) is quoted as saying: "Truth is not determined by a majority vote." This is, of course, true, even though it's a cliché; but it does not answer the further question: "How, then, is truth determined?" And that further question might be the beginning of a fruitful conversation, not the end of all discussion.

One would think that the determination of spiritual truth requires a profoundly spiritual discernment. And, though that is not necessarily equatable with a majority vote, it would seem to require the widest possible consultation among the spiritually experienced and mature. Indeed, such consultation of the faithful seems a moral imperative.

Perhaps the spirituality of Saint Benedict can offer guidance. In the rule, the abbot is instructed that before making a decision that will affect all in the monastery, he is to convene the monks and ask their advice. Then, in a striking insight, Benedict continues: Let the abbot pay particular heed to the views of the young, for it is often the way of the Holy Spirit to speak through the young (*see, Rule of Saint Benedict*, ch. 3).

At the beginning of our troubled century, the Catholic theologian and spiritual guide, Baron Friedrich von Hügel, reflected upon the Petrine, Pauline, and Johannine functions within the church, associating them, respectively, with its institutional, intellectual, and mystical elements. He insisted that all three were indispensable, but that they had to be kept in creative tension for the spiritual well-being of the Body of Christ.

Now, as the century nears its end, a series of edicts from Rome seems to many to stress once again, in almost exclusive fashion, the institutional and juridical element. Whether, in God's Providence, this is what the coming third millennium requires should be a matter of prayerful discernment on the part of "liberals" and "conservatives" alike. I, for one, would tend to the view of Alasdair Macintyre in *After Virtue* that our great spiritual need is, rather, for a new, doubtless different, Benedict. □

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MY DINNERS WITH ISAIAH

The music of a philosopher's life

Ned O'Gorman

Isaiah Berlin (1907–97), my friend of only six years, was the happiest man I ever met. He simply knew all about it. He saw the shadows and the terrible light hidden in the shadows. He listened to the world as he listened to Schubert and Bach, as he read Akhmatova and Herzen, touching them with his wit and the speed of his manner. What he perceived in literature and art, in political epochs and in their recorders, in composers and musicians, in the fine differences between virtuoso pianists Alfred Brendel and Sviatoslav Richter and their interpretations of Schubert, was a prodigy of practical knowledge, grace, and almost transcendent intuition.

He told me at our first meeting in Oxford, in April 1991, that he was an old man and would soon die. Might I have lunch with him in Salzburg in August at Tomaselli's? It was a café I loved, and our conversation that April day was filled with wonderful correspondences. Who, he asked, were the pianists I most admired? I named five and was right on the money: Radu Lupu, Richter, Brendel, Murray Perahia, and Andras Schiff. I asked him, quite terrified that I would be taken for a fool, did he not think Horowitz was very bad? He did.

When Isaiah was twenty-one, he wrote music criticism for the *Oxford Outlook* under the pseudonym of Albert Alfred Apricott. Even then he knew who he was—a mixture, a plural man, part Ariel, Puck, and Falstaff, and part sage, each lovely human facet of him cohering and radiating complete delight and the most elegant and yet not unflamboyant manner. He made the balance endure with grace.

I think that Isaiah found the world a marvelously interesting place. He was caught up in it, in its curiosities, in its absolutes, in its queer turns and sudden precipices, and how one wanted to know *all* about it. We used to play a little game: we thought of an imaginary line. On one side was genius and a sort of dwelling place of the great, and there was the space leading to it. Who got close, who got over the line, and who didn't get anywhere near it? We deliberated long about the quartets of Shoshtakovich, five of which I had heard the previous night. We decided that no matter how harrowing and tragic his quartets, somehow they are too exposed to the tempests of his feelings, too raw, too muddled to achieve the divine. But Isaiah could move with the agility of a tumbler to exclaim the next instant over what a "fine picture" Georg Frederich Kersting's *Lesender bei Lamenlicht* was. (He did not make it over the line.) It was the mix Isaiah understood so well. Pluralism is a mix, and in it one can discern, if one looks with a pure eye, the lineaments of truth.

I used to come to London or Salzburg, where we met over the years, armed with ideas, a new book, and once with the discovery that Andras Schiff played Bach quite as well as Glenn Gould, if not better, perhaps, being less rigid and less technical and closer to the soul of Bach. Isaiah loved Schiff's Bach. It was that mercury in Isaiah, that breakneck way he had of going from one thing to another as if he were composing a sonata: the melodies and sonorities of the mind and the imagination always in tune, at perfect pitch. During a chat about the Jewish mystics, especially about one Uriel Acosta who was a heretic and died a most gory death, a rich American lady, a friend of a certain great age, entered the restaurant and sat across from us. Isaiah said, "I cannot talk to her," and was out onto the sidewalk in a flash.

I think that the notion that the speed and the dance of the mind might soon stop made him so resent the idea of death. He was annoyed that he had to die, as if one had to expect that in the middle of a Schubert sonata or a Beethoven string quartet the music would stop and the players would sprint out for a game of cricket, leaving the beauty and the wonder abandoned to the void. There was still so much to do, to see. Once, at the Atheneum, one of his London clubs, he reflected that he had never written about the Romantic poets and wished to do exactly that soon. Isaiah was intent on it because I do not think poetry came easily to him. I once sent him a first edition of the American literary critic Richard Blackmur and wonder if he had a chance to look at it. I think they would have been great friends. And at that tea, in the midst of musings about death and the Romantics, we talked of Verdi's *Falstaff* and of his sublime aria in the second act when Falstaff recollects his life as a page in the Court of the Duke of Norfolk (*"Quand ero paggio del Duca di Norfolk"*). We sang it loud enough so that some eyes turned toward us. I pronounced some word incorrectly. Isaiah corrected me and looked at that moment at a beautiful young woman with a fall of the most luminous blond hair who was seated nearby.

In December 1995, I had gotten the notion that Isaiah and Mitsuko Uschida, the colossal Japanese pianist, should meet. I brought them together in a lowly basement bar in Picadilly. All the clubs were closed. It was a terrible day—sleet, rain, snow, strong winds. We drank champagne, and oh,

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what wonderful stories I heard. When we said farewell to Mitsuko, I walked Isaiah back to his flat in Albany. Along the way we began to hum the opening bars of Schubert's Sonata, in B Flat, D. 960. I remember how cold it was. Undaunted, he paced along. Isaiah wore neither scarf nor gloves; he pushed away the air, the sleet, his voice piercing the winds. I got something wrong, the trills, I think, that crash up out of the abyss of Schubert's melancholy in the first movement. Isaiah set me right. Got me on pitch.

Once, over lunch at the Garrick, he told me that one of the first songs he ever learned was "A Bicycle Built for Two." As we sang it together—"Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer true..."—we began to muse over just how Susanna's aria in the last act of *The Marriage of Figaro* went, going over bits of it to get it more or less right.

Music always, always its clarion call to the mystery, always at the center of everything Isaiah found true and beautiful in his radiant life, even in the storm of the early evening in Picadilly. I left him at the entrance to Albany, that grand and imposing set of flats tucked in behind the traffic where all who are anybody in the world of the mighty might choose to live, but Isaiah was beyond that, what with the Romantics in his mind and Schubert bringing order to the present little winter tempest.

Isaiah's soul is most clear to me in his essay on Verdi, "The Naiveté of Verdi." His sensibility is captured there—all the themes of his intellect, of his spirit. He wrote, "He [Verdi] was the last master to paint with positive, clear primary colors, to give direct expression to the eternal, major human emotions: love and hate, jealousy and fear, indignation and passion; grief, fury, mockery, cruelty, irony, fanaticism, the passions that all men know."

Isaiah said to me the year before he died—not his exact words (I never kept notes after my visits with him, thinking it a violation of some kind of trust) but true to the spirit of his thought—"Ned, when I die, there will be a grand memorial and you must come to it and push through the crowds and say, 'I knew Sir Isaiah Berlin, he was my friend. I want to speak.'"

Of course, when I went to London for his memorial in the Hamstead Synagogue, I could not do that for, as he had said, it was a grand and grave event. The space was filled with his friends, titles and all of that, and it would have been a silly gesture and not tolerated. Alfred Brendel played the second movement of Schubert's B Flat Major Sonata, D.960 with care, and a sense of loss in every note, with complete sorrow as if he played it just for his beloved friend, as if he were there before him. (Isaiah could not understand why Brendel could not bear Richter—Brendel turned off the radio

Isaiah Berlin: Understanding, not mastery

Sir Isaiah Berlin, longtime professor of political theory at Oxford, was widely regarded as a master explicator of the history of ideas. Among his books and collections of essays, The Hedgehog and The Fox *(1953),* Vico and Herder *(1976), and* Four Essays on Liberty *(1969) are perhaps the best known. Berlin's rejection of determinist theories of history, defense of pluralism and liberalism, and penetrating analysis of the notions of positive and negative freedom have had an enormous influence on contemporary political philosophy. Esteemed as a brilliant conversationalist and revered as a colleague and friend, Berlin was born in Riga, Latvia, and immigrated with his family to England in 1919. He attended Oxford as an undergraduate and served in the British embassies in Washington and Moscow during WWII. Berlin was knighted in 1957. David McCabe, who teaches political philosophy at Colgate University and is a frequent contributor to these pages, was asked to offer a brief assessment of Berlin's philosophical importance.*

Isaiah Berlin's greatest contribution to the world of ideas may have been his exemplary commitment to the ideal of genuine understanding over mere intellectual mastery. More than most philosophers, he understood not only that mastery of a subject is not synonymous with deep understanding, but also that the pursuit of the first may imperil the second. The drive for intellectual mastery grows out of the assumption that the world is ultimately made for us and that the disciplined exercise of a properly trained mind can make all things clear: the deepest fabric of reality, the unvarying structures of human consciousness, the proper end of human activity. It is a comforting idol, but a false and distorting one. Whatever contemporary philosophers think on the question of whether the world was designed for our purposes, most recognize (partly as a result of Berlin's efforts) that our ways of conceptualizing, the very tools of organized thought, are shot through with contingency reflecting our particular time in history and our distinctive forms of life.

But for Berlin, this ideal of mastery and its underlying *hubris* about human reason were not only intellectually unsound, but potential sources of great cruelty as well. As he suggested in his famous essay "Two Concepts of Liberty," the "one belief, more than any other, responsible for the slaughter of individuals on the altars of the great historical ideals" is the belief that somewhere there exists a single definitive answer to the question of how human beings should

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once when a recording of Richter's was played.) Isaac Stern, with fragile reverence and some torment, played the Sarabande from the D. Minor Partita of Bach. All very solemn—*adagio, andante, no vivace, allegro, presto, scherzo*—no music to recall Albert Alfred Apricott.

The memorial held later in the month at the British Embassy in Washington, D.C., was just the sort Isaiah would have disapproved of with impatient but charitable annoyance. Dull, loving remembrances and no music anywhere—no piano, violin, string quartet—just sweet reflections that went on far too long. "Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer true," now that would have added a decent zing and would have revealed an Isaiah someone other than I must have known.

No death but my own son's has left me so alone. On the trip back to New York I wept. London would be a strange place without him now, as if the recitative had been lifted out of Bach's B Minor Mass, as if the branches of a flowering tree had suddenly withered and left their blossoms on the ground. I shall always hope that he might just walk into a room and greet me. "*Caro amico*," he would say, and then, when we had settled down to some hot chocolate (his) and wine (mine), "Now Ned, what is your news?"

And about Isaiah's troubles with death and a final annihilation, I offer this last reflection. During Easter of 1996 when I saw Isaiah in London, I had just come from Rome where I had scattered my son's ashes beneath an umbrella pine on a terrace in the Vatican. My son had died of AIDS a month before. I told Isaiah how transcendent Rome had been, how filled with light and flowers and cool fountains' bright tumult in the sun, cascading through my grief. I told him it was the only city in the world I loved, and he said, "Yes, I too find it the best of cities." Ah, I thought, that is good to know because my son, through all his tribulations with his sickness, through his loss of faith, yet asked me to scatter his ashes there where we had spent many summers. I found it a sign that he knew the eternal when he saw it. I think Isaiah saw it there as well, as he of course discerned it in Schubert and in *Falstaff* and in Bach.

I trust Isaiah's quicker-than-light wit to smile at this notion. I think that that just slightly mad and music-stricken, romantic corner of paradise where Keats and Shelley, Wordsworth, Byron, and Coleridge dwell will greet Isaiah with delight. They will be a revelation to him. "I'm drawn to mad people," he told me when we were talking about Hamann. Though from time to time, to flee eternal encounters with his friends—Tolstoy, Shakespeare, Mozart, especially Schubert—he might drift away and look downward from the divine promontories toward earth, ardently and with rue, wishing to be part again of its enchanted spin through space. □

live. He was thinking of Hitler and Stalin: he was warning of Pol Pot and Milosevic.

For Berlin, then, there were both intellectual and moral reasons to replace the ideal of mastery with the more humane and demanding one of understanding. Humane, because it allows greater space for such things as feelings, sensitivities, and traditions; demanding, because anyone who is willing to open himself to the world's diversity, and who forgoes the urge to reduce it to the neatness of the philosopher's categories, must always be prepared to have *his* deepest beliefs undermined and to find that he knows less than he thought. The result of this sort of inquiry is likely to be not a single magisterial work setting forth a system, but instead, as in Berlin's case, a constantly startling body of essays on a dazzling array of issues and thinkers, rays of light illuminating areas that we either had not attended to carefully or had misunderstood by imposing our own sets of problems and expectations. If any one theme dominates Berlin's work, it is his commitment to the truth of pluralism—to the view that a fulfilling human life can take many forms, and that there is no single formula to guide the choices we make about which goods to pursue either individually or collectively. What this commitment implies is that the goal of understanding those who think and act differently from us must always be prior to that of judging, an idea of enormous impact in contemporary moral and political philosophy.

But though the ideal of mastery is ultimately ill-conceived, the qualities that dispose one for apparent success in it are, unfortunately, doled out more liberally than those conducive to deep understanding. The former include cleverness, an obsession with scoring points in argument, and a willingness to sacrifice humane engagement in the name of analytic rigor. What is needed for real understanding, for making the strange coherent and revealing the complexity in the familiar, is not only deep learning and an expansive intellect, but also qualities like charity, compassion, and humility. That Berlin could yoke these traits to a felicity of expression and analytic skills of the highest order ensures that his influence will be felt in humanistic studies for decades to come. For many of us who style ourselves intellectuals and seek better to understand the human world, he will remain a model we strive vainly, but happily, to emulate.

DAVID McCABE

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CONTAINING THE WILD THINGS

Of cats, coyotes, & cows; also moose, horses, & corn

Caroline Nesbitt

The grass is always greener on the other side. Anon.
Good fences make good neighbors. Robert Frost
Ohmygod, they're headed this way. Caroline Nesbitt

Last night we were kept awake by a coyote barking wildly in the field next to our house. Maybe a young one, excited or threatened. Maybe having treed a raccoon, a skunk—or one of our cats. I do a head count every morning; last thing at night I exhort all our cats to hunt near home and not wind up as coyote food. When they cross the lines and don't return, I mourn them.

The coyotes rarely visit our own field, which is bounded by electric fence. Now and then we're awakened by the yowl of a youngster who has touched a curious nose to the lower strand and discovered the power of tamed lightning. The adults have learned to use dense fur as a barrier between flesh and wire when crossing from one side of the field to the other, but they don't hang around inside. Tamed lightning is tricky; the openness of the hayfields safer.

The fence thus makes a tidy boundary between the wild and the domestic, although its actual *raison d'être* is to persuade our horses to renounce the nomadic tendency that is their biological imperative.

Of the myriad concerns that make fence building necessary, the most important is safety. Traffic is a source of perennial horror here in New Hampshire; hunting season posing another serious threat. Fences are no guarantee, of course. Recently a local horse escaped its fence after dark and, terrified and lost, jumped through the windshield of an oncoming car. Misdirected hunters account for at least one mistaken shooting per year. But fences minimize danger by providing a visible barrier between Us and The Dangers That Lurk Outside, as long as everyone involved respects them.

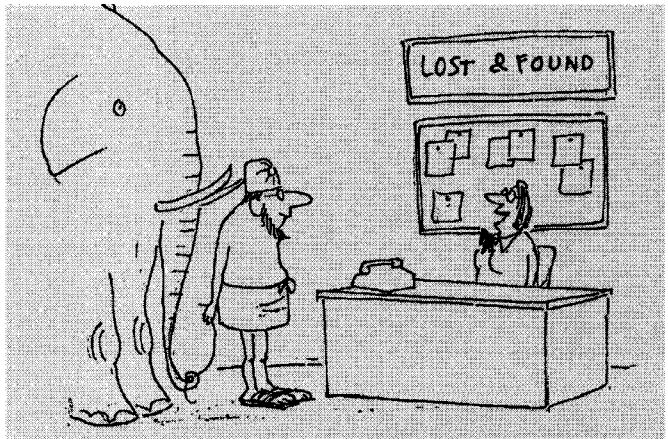
Fences also serve a political necessity. Our next-door neighbor's market garden forms the backbone of his living. The massive price we must pay for our stock transgressing the border ranges from our sudden ownership of several hundred squashed melons, to vet bills incurred by horses gorged into oblivion on illicit corn.

Caroline Nesbitt *is an actress as well as the author of* The Pony Breeder's Companion *(Howell Book House, 1995). She lives in North Sandwich, New Hampshire.*

My neighbor has been magnanimous after rare and quickly rectified break-outs onto his land of abundance. He maintains that our patrolling dogs prevent far more crippling destruction by corn-marauding raccoons, thus evening the score. But another neighbor did not fare so well. His cattle, bought as bush-eating scenery and cared for erratically if at all, wandered through their pasture fence when the feed ran out one day, and then devoured a large section of cornfield. Assurances that the fence-to-end-all-fences had been constructed to prevent further transgressions came to naught as soon as the animals were hungry again. "He bought an awful lot of corn," my neighbor said ruefully.

The owner concluded that mowing was a cheap alternative to keeping cattle, and shipped the culprits for slaughter. I expect they were better off dead, given their circumstances; though I would be hard pressed to say they deserved their fate. The lesson was almost Machiavellian in its simplicity: Feed those whose lives you have made your responsibility. Give them contentment at home. And secure your borders.

We find electric fencing both cheap and easy to maintain, but it has one major drawback: Moose. In benign moods, moose are content to jump the fences while ranging across the immense territories that have been their highways for thousands of years. But every now and then a bull takes exception to these obstacles to free movement, hooks a great rack under the top wire, and yanks it with a *whaaannngg* that rings for miles and sends hefty posts flying out of the ground like so many Tinker toys. Eventually we learned to use wire



"You could have just reported you found him. You didn't have to bring him here."

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strongly tensioned by large springs that makes the whole thing collapsible under pressure—a sort of "be as the reed and not the oak" slant on containment policy.

Detractors of electric fence say its relative invisibility poses a danger to forgetful horses indulging in normal behaviors like galloping idiotically around their fields on windy days. And indeed, you would no more let a strange horse into an unfamiliar field fenced with wire than turn your son loose with the car just because he became sixteen today. You educate it first, then send the creature out with law-abiding companions who understand to the fraction what the parameters are. Once habituated, horses can safely stroll into any field and spot the perimeters by following post lines.

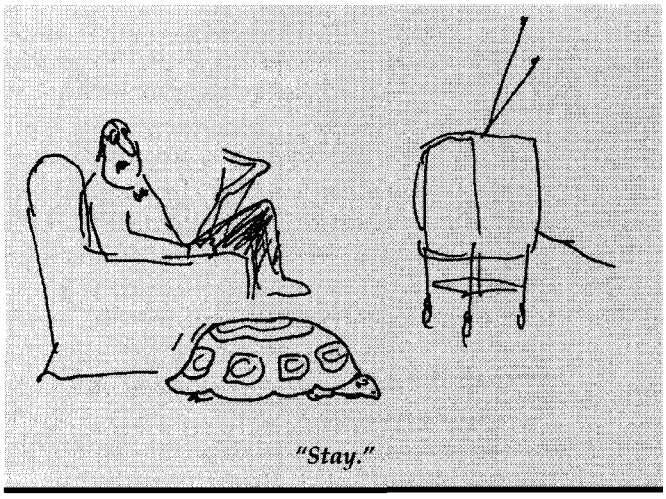
So invisibility is not a problem. But snow is. Snow turns horses into birds on telephone wires. No ground contact. No shock. In effect—no fence.

Most horses never take advantage of this. I've watched conservative animals run familiar pathways, whinnying piteously, while renegade fence-breakers race away for more exotic landscapes. Why do some hesitate while others seize any serendipitous opening? It isn't stupidity. They know the difference between hot fence and downed fence as surely as we understand breaking-and-entering, or the difference between double-yellow and dotted lines on an open, empty road at dawn. Is it fear of pain or retribution that keeps them in? Habit? The comfort of the known?

Could it even be some moral sense developed over years of acquiescence to the necessities of human civilization, something whispering to them that this is not good, not acceptable, possibly even dangerous? Some will argue that horses don't possess this sophistication of thought. Yet they are herd animals, and herds have rules far more stringent, with punishments far more severe, than those meted out by the sting of a fence.

Herds also offer the balm of comfort, food, and company, reinforcing a conviction that there is no immediate reason to expend the energy required to do something different; something it behooves me to remember while teaching young horses that they must obey certain rules.

Moose and coyotes are just as likely to be variously shot, run over, and crop-damaging as our horses. But they represent a culture outside of mine, and the best we can do is adapt to one another, coming to certain agreements regarding who inhabits, who passes through, and what may or may not be eaten en route. Tamed lightning isn't a perfect solution—but then, what fence or wall or national boundary or locked door exists that isn't somehow permeable? There is something in a limit that begs to be pushed, and thousands of beings that can argue with perfect validity that their right to invade, escape, or re-invent is just and God-given.



"Stay."

So this past winter I struggled with a scofflaw filly who, weaned too soon before heavy snow, had no respect for our fences. There was nothing she wouldn't jump. Nothing she wouldn't run through. I was left to curse and repair the damage, wait for spring to bring hooves back in contact with damp earth, and to listen for the dulcet *crraack* of electricity arcing against naked flesh that teaches the lessons that will permit the filly to thrive here.

I've always felt a little smug about my unfettered life in a rural area. No boundaries, no locked doors, no fears; not like my friends who live in secured buildings in places like New York City. But I suppose when it comes right down to it I'm really no different from my friends in the city, or my remote kin in small countries the world over. Always trying to keep something out. Something else in. With no one to say as a matter of absolute truth whether it is dire necessity or merely a well-argued convenience. □

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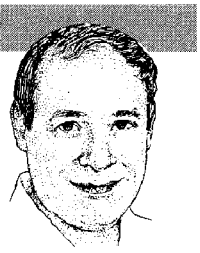


TWO KINDS OF PARANOIA

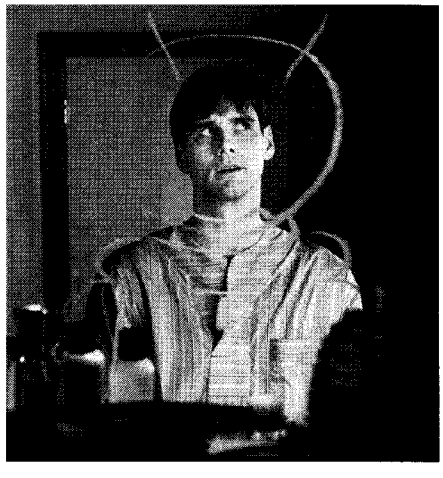
'The Truman Show' and 'The X-Files'

The Truman Show is an ingenious toy of a movie, and it's not the fault of its director, Peter Weir, or its writer, Andrew Niccol, that the word "profound" has been attached to their production. *Truman* is a bauble, but let's not underrate it just because the initial critical response has overestimated it. Why can't a bauble be a little work of art?

As many of you know already, the movie is about a TV program that stars a young man (Jim Carey) who doesn't even know he's on camera. As an unwanted foundling, Truman Burbank was adopted by a media corporation, and a television producer named Christof (Ed Harris) created *"The Truman Show"* around the child with actors portraying his parents, friends, and fellow townspeople in a community, Seahaven, that synthesizes every small town you've ever seen on Norman Rockwell covers for the *Saturday Evening Post*. The fascination of the show is, purportedly, Truman's absolutely sincere, unacted response to every situation Christof fabricates and that the other (professional) actors pretend to be involved by. (Is Truman's actress-wife really sleeping with him? Their bedroom moments are off-camera, but if they're really having sex, the show would be the first squeaky-clean pornography in history, and the wife's portrayer the first known prostitute to be a celebrated prime-time player.) For thirty years the show captivates audiences, but then various accidents arouse Truman's first suspicions that he is living in an unreality. The rest of the movie shows his growing doubts and his efforts to escape.

Intriguingly, the artistry of the movie is almost at one with the artistry that the television people have employed in confecting Truman's world. This artistry is in the service of evil since it has forced a human being to grow up within the bubble of a lie. Yet it is the visual intricacy of this lie that makes *The Truman Show* as fascinating to us as to the TV audience within the movie. (We get to watch it as well as the show.) Peter Weir commandeered the actual community of Seaside, Florida, to represent "Seahaven," but he and his staff obviously repainted and reconstructed the place to project smile-button cuteness on a monstrous scale. Then they enclosed the place under an artificial sky with a theatrical backdrop on which they painted (or computer-generated) sunsets and stars. In Seahaven, not only human relations but also nature itself is something that exists only within quotation marks. What makes the movie dramatic is that Truman gradually becomes aware of those quotation marks...and then struggles to remove them. "Somebody help me!" screams our hero as he gets ready to careen his car out of Seahaven, "I'm being spontaneous!" The fact that he is screaming proves Truman's inherent canniness, for he already senses the complexity awaiting him in a real world not constructed with him as its coddled center.

The Truman Show suggests three kinds of parable. On the simplest—and for me the most pleasurable—plane, it is a grand justification of paranoia. Paranoiacs believe that all the Powers That Be are concentrating their energies on the paranoiac himself, usually to malevolent ends. But the comic charge of this film comes from the way Seahaven benevolently takes charge of Truman's life: the traffic that all too carefully spares our hero when he recklessly runs into it; the travel bureau that discourages travel whenever our hero contemplates it; the local newspaper's headlines that speak directly to Truman's puzzlements.



Truman also works as a portrait of the Artist-Scientist affronted by the autonomous life his creation takes on. This view, which makes Christof the real protagonist of the story, is reinforced by the tacit power of Ed Harris's performance. Of course, it's Jim Carey's work that has drawn publicity and predictions of an Oscar nomination, and, yes, Carey is generally good at portraying Truman's innocence and yearning. But there is also a residue of whiz-kid knowingness and slickness that keeps his performance from being as directly moving as it might have been. Harris, on the other hand, makes Christof a real piece of work. The air of smug calm that this show-biz Dr.Frankenstein exudes must have come from many sessions with a "spiritual advisor" or yoga instructor, but it's not the calm of compassion. He's spiritually centered, all right, but his center contains nothing but the hunger to manipulate. Christof is an empty vessel, and Harris's performance beautifully conveys how frightening a shallow person can be.

More doubtfully, the movie may also be a parable of Man (Truman) protesting against the limits God (Christof) has set for him. I'm sure articles are even now being written to explore this angle, and I'm equally certain that I don't want to read them.

The Truman Show is, of course, a satire of an America enslaved by media-filtered information. But in order for this satire to work, we have to suspend an awful lot of our awareness of the way our world really behaves. Remember, *"The Truman Show"* is supposed to have been on the air for thirty years, nonstop, in an era marked by a certain amount of viewer and voter apathy, to be sure, but it is also a time of countless interest groups and

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government agencies quite ready to spring into action on behalf of all sorts of victims. True, we are told that a minority of Truman's audience has protested on his behalf, but it seems to be an insignificant faction, almost something that can be dismissed as a lunatic fringe. This beggars belief because everyone watching Truman knows that he has been brought up to be a corporation's puppet. In the real world, as cruel as it is, Christof would have Senate committees breathing down his neck as well as Mike Wallace and Katie Couric. Like *Wag the Dog*, *Truman* contains a good deal of manufactured pessimism about our society disguised as stylized satire.

Nevertheless, if *The Truman Show* suggests at least four levels of interpretation, why do I call it a bauble? This brings me to my basic reservation about the movie. *The Truman Show* is not refulgent: its wit, invention, charm completely fulfill the script's design but only fulfill it. This film almost never displays the sort of generosity of being that makes you want to see it not once but three or four times. *Groundhog Day*, to cite another comedy with an ingenious premise, had precisely this aesthetic abundance. You absorbed its ingenuity at the first viewing but at later screenings basked in the richness of the performances and the unflagging rightness of the dialogue and the visuals. Its texture transcends its ingeniousness. That's not the case with *The Truman Show* in which ingeniousness is all.

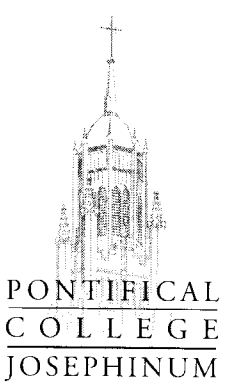
I'm a calm admirer of "The X-Files" on TV. Does that make me an oxymoron? I liked all the episodes that had nothing to do with Agent Mulder's search for the Unseen Forces that Control the Universe, but instead were autonomous little creature features with ingenious sci-fi updates on vampires, Loch Ness monsters, and doppelgangers, as well as a guy who could pour himself through keyholes and into toilet bowls. (Most gratifying when that particular predator got squished by an escalator.) The episode with Peter Boyle giving the greatest performance of his career as a clairvoyant insurance salesman was the best-executed piece of tragic fantasy I've ever seen on the tube.

Since the movie *The X-Files* is, alas, one more installment in the ongoing struggle by Mulder to prove that The Truth Is Out There (Mulder, meet Truman), the film started off on the wrong foot with me, but I would have liked it anyway if it had been done with the low-level, simmering intensity of the televised mother lode.

But getting onto the big screen seems to have convinced creator Chris Carter that he must emulate current blockbuster strategies. As screenwriter Paul (*Quiz Show*) Attanasio has observed, "So many films today address not the mind and heart, but the blood pressure...." *The X-Files* joins the pack: one rhythmless, unmagical stunt after another, practically no narrative coherence, *Alien*-type monsters, wisecracks instead of literate dialogue, and—worst of all—a soundtrack that pulverizes the audience with sheer volume instead of making its collective skin crawl. Only the opening sequence, involving an attempt to locate a bomb in a federal building has any real zip to it. The rest is noise.

Some of the sexual chemistry between the stars survives, but both David Duchovny and Gillian Anderson seem to register better on the small screen. His problem is his handsome face, which becomes inexpressive and blobby when magnified, while her vocal limitations are more apparent on large movie stereo speakers than in our TV sets. Nevertheless, Anderson still strikes me as the thinking woman's action heroine. Perhaps both actors will come across to better advantage when this galumphing movie is reduced to video.

When I saw this movie in Washington, D.C., the audience struck me as even more obnoxious than the movie. I found myself surrounded by *X-Files* fans who are even more pathetic than Trekkies, When some poor slob (not me, honest) muttered an idle comment during the opening credits, a quarter of the audience rounded on him with a collective, vicious "s-sh-h-h!" They were watching this movie on their knees, so to speak. Shouldn't that posture be reserved for church? □



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Black legend, now gray

The Spanish Inquisition
A Historical Revision
Henry Kamen
Yale University Press, $35, 351 pp.

Carl L. Bankston III

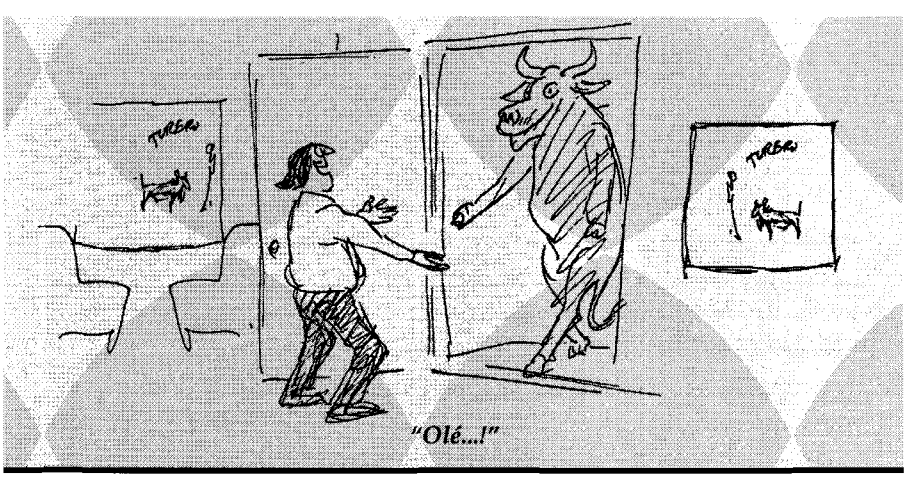
Of all the black legends about Spain, the legend of the Spanish Inquisition may well be the blackest. In popular imagination, the Inquisition was a sort of all-powerful Gestapo of black-hooded monks dedicated to eradicating freedom of thought by an insidious program of torture and burning. This image, according to Henry Kamen, is a result of the fact that most of the early accounts of the Holy Office were written by its enemies. Protestants, especially English and Dutch Protestants, were predisposed to see a Spain in the grip of a fanatical Catholic institution. Italians, many of whom were in Spanish-occupied provinces during the sixteenth century, distrusted and disliked Spain and its customs. Because the inquisitors were silent about their own activities and Europe's most active printing presses were English and Dutch, the propaganda of foreign enemies became the conventional view of the Inquisition.

Nineteenth- and twentieth-century historians continued to be influenced by this conventional view, adapting it to documentary evidence in a variety of ways. The definitive history written by the American Henry Charles Lea in 1890 took the Inquisition out of the realm of myth and placed it in the realm of historical fact, but Lea still saw the Holy Office as a huge totalitarian engine of repression and terror. Modern Jewish historians, recognizing that the Inquisition was initially directed specifically at converted Jews, have maintained that the totalitarian repression was largely anti-Semitic. Many scholars have argued that the Inquisition strangled the intellectual, cultural, and political life of Spain.

In the mid-1960s, Henry Kamen, then a graduate student, published a major revision of these common interpretations of the Holy Office. His careful scrutiny of available documents suggested that the Inquisition was much more modest in scope, much less malevolent, and much less destructive than commonly believed. Even its notorious torture chambers were actually less brutal than the methods of most other judicial systems of the time, including those of England and the Netherlands. Kamen's ground-breaking study stimulated a stream of studies on the Inquisition, many making fruitful use of statistical approaches. Kamen's new book is a rewriting and extension of his original one that incorporates the findings of three-and-a-half decades of research.

Kamen effectively debunks the myth of the Inquisition as a single, powerful, centrally controlled police mechanism. Spain's regional diversity meant that its authority varied greatly from one place to another, hardly touching the lives of people in many areas. It also varied over time. Using the tribunal's prosecution records, he provides statistical evidence that there were five major phases. It began, in the 1480s, as a result of fear that converted Jews were retaining their old faith. As concern over the *conversos* calmed down, in the early sixteenth century, so did the Inquisition. In the late sixteenth century, the inquisitors turned their attention to Protestants and Moriscos, converted Muslims. During the seventeenth century, the regulation of the faith of ordinary Spaniards became the focus. By the eighteenth century, there was little heresy left to root out and the Inquisition quieted down once again. In effect, then, there were different Inquisitions at different times.

In response to those who claim that the Inquisition stifled literature and culture in Spain, Kamen provides impressive evidence that the Holy Office had little impact on literary production or on the circulation of books and ideas. One need only reflect on the fact that Spain's greatest cultural epoch, the *Siglo del Oro*, flowered in the midst of the Inquisition to see that Kamen is probably right on this point. He points out that



"Olé...!"

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Lope de Vega, the greatest playwright of the *Siglo del Oro*, did not appear on Spain's Index of prohibited books until a century after his death. Even those books that did appear on the Index, moreover, were available to readers who wanted to find them.

Kamen disputes the view that the Inquisition was an expression of fanaticism among the Spanish populace. The institution was neither popular nor widely opposed. Like the contemporary income tax, it was generally disliked but accepted. Many people also saw denunciations to the Inquisition as a good way to get at enemies.

Because the Inquisition was directed against converted Jews or Muslims for much of its history, Kamen maintains that it did appeal to xenophobic and anti-Semitic strains in Spanish thinking. However, it was never reducible to xenophobia or anti-Semitism. The debate over "blood purity," over whether those with Jewish ancestry should be excluded from public life, took place among inquisitors as well as among other Spaniards.

Although *The Spanish Inquisition* is an impressive achievement, critical readers may find several weaknesses in it. Kamen often seems too willing to make arguments based on the absence of evidence. He believes that there was relatively little secret Judaism among the *conversos*, since secret Jews left little documentation. Underground movements that hide from officialdom, though, may also hide from the prying eyes of historians.

The organization of the book is

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sometimes perplexing. Why, for example, does Kamen place his discussion of the creation of the Inquisition myth in the final chapter rather than at the beginning? Why does he examine the expulsion and dispersion of Spain's Jews in the second chapter and then look at Spanish anti-Semitic racialism in the eleventh chapter, separating these closely related topics with chapters devoted to a variety of other themes? The chapter devoted to the structure and politics of the Inquisition and the chapter devoted to its operation provide an excellent description of the Holy Office as a functioning bureaucracy, but it is difficult to understand why these two chapters should be placed in the middle of the book.

Despite these problems, Henry Kamen's new version of his classic work is a major contribution to the history of religion and the history of Spain. The clarity of the writing will make it appealing to interested general readers, as well as to specialists. Even when Kamen's conclusions are debatable, he asks the right questions. Most important, he succeeds in reinterpreting a dark legend of torture and persecution as a series of human attempts to deal with issues of belief and social conflict. □

Carl L. Bankston III *teaches in the Department of Sociology and Anthropology at the University of Southwestern Louisiana.*

NOT A GREELEY NOVEL

The Red Hat
Ralph McInerny
Ignatius Press, $21.95, 581 pp.

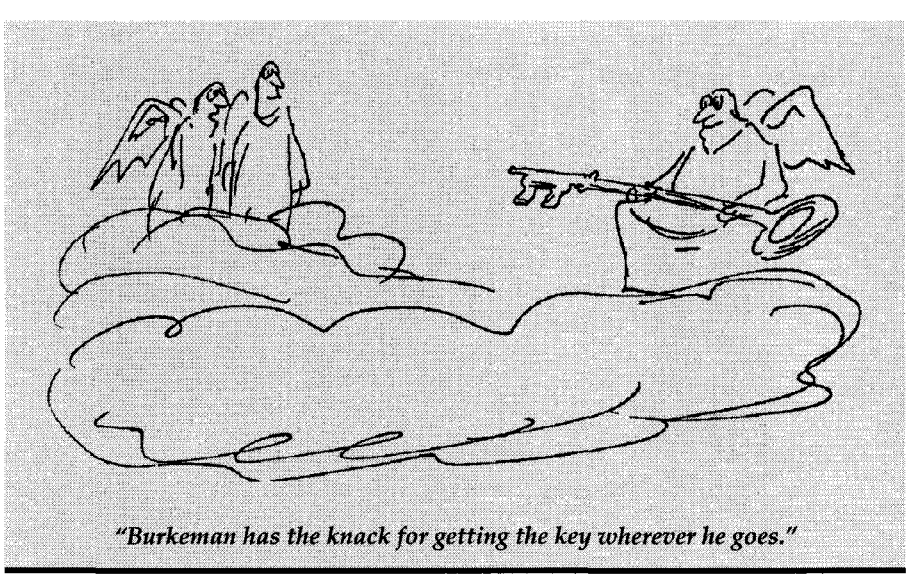
John Christie

Need to brush up your Spengler? You can with this novel about an emerging African and Asian Catholicism and its corresponding Western dissipation. The main characters are Archbishop Thomas Lannan of Washington, D.C., who's campaigning to be a prince of the church. He craves the honor so that, with ambition at last behind himself, he can be humble. Another is James Morrow, Lannan's seminary friend who's now a widowed University of Notre Dame author of a history of American Catholicism's decline.

In much earlier novels, like *The Priest* (1973) and *Gate of Heaven* (1975), Notre Dame's distinguished philosopher Ralph McInerny was funny and timely in dissecting the inane manifestations of modernism abounding in his fictional diocese of Fort Elbow, Ohio. With *The Red Hat*, he's a long way from Fort Elbow and targets heftier clerical prey. There's much to value in this novel. It's worth anybody's time, even though in his depictions of post-Vatican II progressives McInerny, cofounder of *Crisis* magazine, forsakes the scalpel for a baseball bat, and plausibility loses.

The action is, you might say, headlong. In 2004, modernist U.S. bishops, theologians, and seminary rectors await the death of John Paul II, whose pontificate they view as having thwarted what they think Vatican II really meant: ordaining women, easing out celibacy, muting, if not ending, all church prohibitions and negatives, and stressing Christian love. Meanwhile, Lannan, who had earlier supported the White House in a dispute over a lesbian Supreme Court justice, calls in the favor and gets Morrow appointed as U.S. Ambassador to the Vatican where he is to lobby for Lannan's red hat. John Paul II names Lannan a cardinal but dies before the consistory. Lannan and the twenty others named along with him are excluded from the conclave, which elevates another conservative, the frail Pope Benedetto. The Americans grumble about the conclave's legality and clamor for a new conclave, but Benedetto dies, conveniently, they can't help but think, in a plane crash. To their consternation, the succeeding conclave elects another conservative, the Tanzanian Pope Timothy who sees the church's future as more with the growing, devout African and Asian masses than with the decadent, affluent West. With tinges of racism and *pique* at feeling shut out of the game by the third worlders, the Americans engineer a schismatic conclave at Avignon, France, which elects an Italian and their kind of progressive, Pius XIII. The schism collapses and Pius XIII repents before Timothy. This is followed by a round of excommunications that brings the recalcitrant American bishops, for now, back into line.

Caught your breath? There's more. The subplot features Julian O'Keefe, an ultramontane jettisoned from the semi-



"Burkeman has the knack for getting the key wherever he goes."

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nary by gay and liberal elements within its administration. Seeking vengeance on all hypocritical progressives, Julian investigates a rumor that Archbishop Lannan fathered an illegitimate daughter while a seminarian. The mother surprises O'Keefe when he breaks into her home looking for evidence and she ends up murdered. Later in Rome, he kidnaps and drugs Lannan, Alberto-Moro style, and draws a blood sample for the DNA evidence that will ensure disgrace. While on trial for the murder, O'Keefe produces the surprise DNA evidence, but the tests turn out negative. Lannan, who earlier and for once in a fence-sitting career, had sided against the schismatics, is again vindicated.

McInerny is often compared to J. F. Powers, a comparison inaccurate and unfair (though *Red Hat* incorporates playful allusions to *Morte d'Urban*). McInerny's artistic focus is the priest as agonized academic. The results are a series of beautiful, troubling interior monologues on the part of Lannan, his secretary Father Wales, Pope Benedetto, even Pius XIII, men fearful and alone on what Yukio Mishima once termed the battlefield of the spirit, on the edge of unbelief.

But *Red Hat*'s American heavies are another matter. They personify Pius X's definition of modernism as the summation of all heresies, trail clouds of what Paul VI called the smoke of Satan. McInerny's modernists come off as nothing-human-is-alien-to-me caricatures bent on turning the City of God into Los Angeles. They're a surreal lot who dither at Roman synods about altar girls while bishops from India worry about their countrymen killing off female infants. Like renegade theologian Frank Baily, they're media-savvy as stage managers of discord at any cost. Mentally locked in the postures of 1968 and with meringues of 1990s political correctness, they misguide the American church into gradually and imperceptibly becoming Protestant. At the height—or nadir—of the schism, they impose an astounding New Order with homosexuals of both genders in the hierarchy, euthanasia defined as a sacrament, and the Feast of the Holy Innocents celebrating the courage of women who abort their children rather than subject them to life in an overpopulated, underfed, patriarchal world. The secular and religious journalists, laden with Restoration comedy names like Nathaniel Patch, Ben Trovato, and Della Boca, are either theological amateurs or boozy, opportunistic hacks.

The novel ends with an *exordium* to eternity and the ever-renewed riches of Christ, one of many such moving paragraphs that McInerny crafts. But the pervasive Manichean voice McInerny brings to *The Red Hat* finally disables the novel. That may not matter to one segment of his veteran readership which will relish the book precisely for its absolutes. Other readers might feel underestimated by the novel's too neatly served eschatology and conclude that it overtaxes the faith readers extend to novelists. □

John Christie *teaches in the Department of English at Indiana State University.*

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POSTMORTEM PROFIT

Portrait of Dr. Gachet
The Story of a van Gogh Masterpiece: Modernism, Money, Politics, Collectors, Dealers, Taste, Greed, and Loss
Cynthia Saltzman
Viking, $25.95, 406 pp.

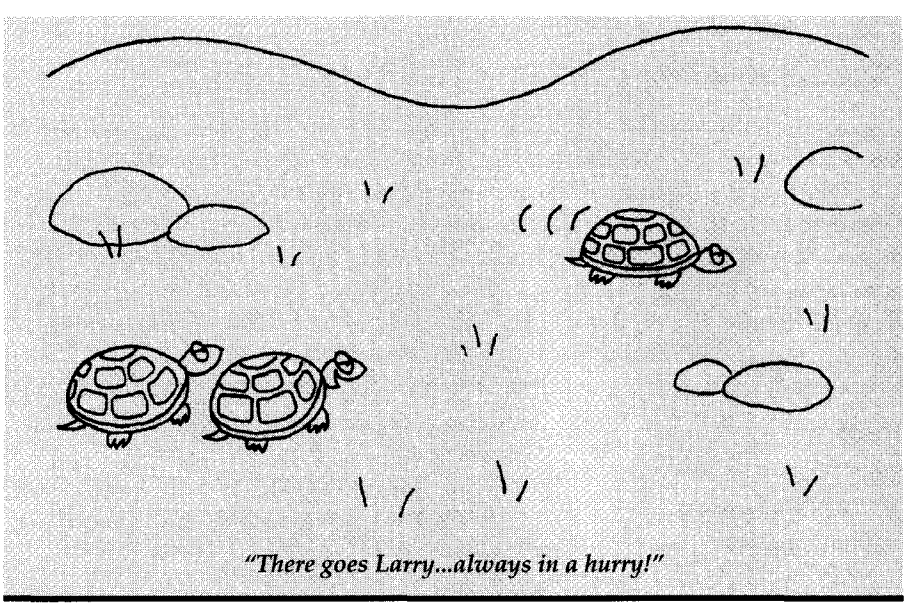
Donna Gustafson

Known to many simply as "Vincent" (as he signed his letters and paintings), van Gogh is perhaps the most famous artist in the world. He is revered as a painter, his life and tragic death have been the subject of a best-selling biography and a popular movie, and his mysterious psychiatric disorder (probably epilepsy exacerbated by poor diet and absinthe) has inspired reams of posthumous diagnosis. The popular reading of Vincent van Gogh, the poor, mad genius who cut off his ear, was already gaining currency when he committed suicide in 1890 at age thirty-seven. The real story of van Gogh's life is, of course, much more complex, and as Cynthia Saltzman engagingly narrates, so are the circumstances that led to the historic sale of his *Portrait of Dr. Gachet* to a Japanese paper magnate at Christie's in May 1990 for $82.5 million—still the highest price paid for a work of art at public auction.

How a legend is constructed, what defines a masterpiece, and how art acquires multimillion-dollar value are the questions that Saltzman tackles. Although it is probably impossible to explain satisfactorily to many people why any painting is worth $82.5 million, the author does a remarkably thorough job of describing the complex dynamics of the art market and the roles that the experts—the artists, dealers, critics, historians, curators, and collectors—play in keeping up the supply and demand that fuel its operation. Saltzman's account is built on her own investigations as well as on recently published research. For readers familiar with current trends in the discipline of art history, this book will not provoke radically new insights; for others, however, Saltzman will reveal how paintings acquire value as they are exhibited, written about, and in other ways validated as unique and irreplaceable objects that provide pleasure or status to those who traffic in art.

Van Gogh was born into a bourgeois Dutch family and worked for Goupil and Co., one of the most prestigious international art galleries of the time. As Saltzman rightly points out, van Gogh took advantage of an unparalleled opportunity to gain a wealth of information about current and past art and an insider's view of the marketplace. Still, after an ambitious start, he lost interest in the art trade and spent several years as an apprentice preacher in the desperately poor mining districts in the south of Belgium. When his apprenticeship was not renewed, and he began to draw and paint in earnest, van Gogh returned to Paris where his younger brother, Theo, was making a name for himself as a dealer in contemporary French art. With Theo's generous financial and emotional support, Vincent became a professional painter, producing in the ten remaining years of his life a substantial and sophisticated body of work.

Far from an isolated and misunderstood genius, van Gogh was an acknowledged member of an avant-garde circle of painters with high ambitions for their art. Following the innovative steps of the Impressionist artists, the group organized their own exhibitions, courted the avant-garde press, and worked with dealers to establish a clientele. Saltzman astutely notes the importance of the new breed of dealers, among them Paul Durand-Ruel, George Petit, Theo van Gogh, and Ambrose Vollard in Paris, and Paul Cassirer in Germany, who created a market for contemporary art and nurtured the first collectors of modernism. It was the dealers' shift in focus from individual paintings toward artists' careers and personalities that contributed to the cult of the artist that still leads to mythmaking in the art world. Van Gogh's myth began even before his death with a laudatory article by the symbolist poet and art critic Georges-Albert Aurier titled, "The Isolated Ones: Vincent van Gogh." His reading of van Gogh as a "dreamer" who "would never be understood except by his brothers, the true artists," was only the first of a long series of discussions of the artist in this vein. Subsequent authors credited van Gogh with influencing trends in twentieth-century art, thus validating his work by proving its true



"There goes Larry...always in a hurry!"

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avant-garde status and its significance to later generations. The publications of his letters to Theo further extended Vincent's fame. Before long he had attained the status of a master and the details of his life were lost in the larger facts of his disease and suicide.

Having established a more accurate picture of van Gogh, Saltzman follows the *Portrait of Dr. Gachet* from its origins to the dramatic 1990 sale. She describes the lives of the fourteen successive individuals who bought, sold, traded, and even stole a painting whose value increased with each exchange. Because these individuals were themselves more or less significant in the art world, Saltzman is able to piece together their life histories. Inherited by the widow of Theo van Gogh, the painting subsequently moved from private collection to private collection, traveling from Amsterdam to Paris, Copenhagen, Berlin, Weimar, Paris, and Frankfurt, where it entered the collection of the Städelsches Kunstinstitut. *Portrait of Dr. Gachet* was eventually confiscated by the Nazis, along with thousands of paintings deemed "degenerate." While many of the so-called degenerate artworks were destroyed or auctioned off, van Gogh's portrait was secretly sold by Hermann Göring for his own personal gain. Purchased by an Amsterdam banker and then by a German-Jewish family on the eve of their departure from Europe, the painting came to New York, where it was exhibited for years in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Market forces and financial considerations of the family finally brought the painting to auction in 1990. By that time, late nineteenth-century French paintings had long been the most coveted items in a seller's market, and the unusual case of an acknowledged masterpiece being offered at auction insured great interest among buyers and the press. As Saltzman so dramatically relates, the painting is more than a portrait of the ineffectual provincial doctor who treated Vincent. It encapsulates much of van Gogh's ambitions for his art and the twentieth century's vision of modernism. Saltzman's formal analysis of the painting will help convince those who aren't already sure of its aesthetic value.

Given the ambitions of the book, it is disappointing that footnotes have been tossed aside in favor of nearly useless endnotes. The book also suffers from insufficient editing; on occasion repetitions, confusing time sequences, and awkward phrases detract from the narrative. On the whole, however, *Portrait of Dr. Gachet* is a refreshing reminder for those of us who experience art in the sanctified public spaces of museums that art inspires not only spiritual, emotional, and intellectual pleasures, but also avarice and personal aggrandizement. Not the least of Saltzman's merits is her ability to maintain a balance between art's exalted contemporary status and its frank value as a commodity. Let's hope that the story of the painting's next hundred years will be told as well. □

Donna Gustafson *is curator of exhibitions at the American Federation of Arts. She is a frequent reviewer of modern and contemporary art for* Artnews.

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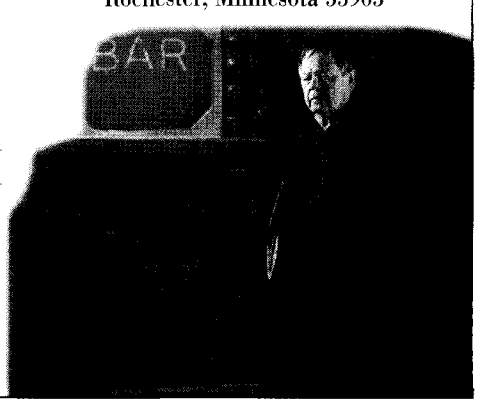

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LIES & VIDEOTAPE

Official Negligence
How Rodney King and the Riots Changed Los Angeles and the LAPD
Lou Cannon
Times Books, $35, 698 pp.

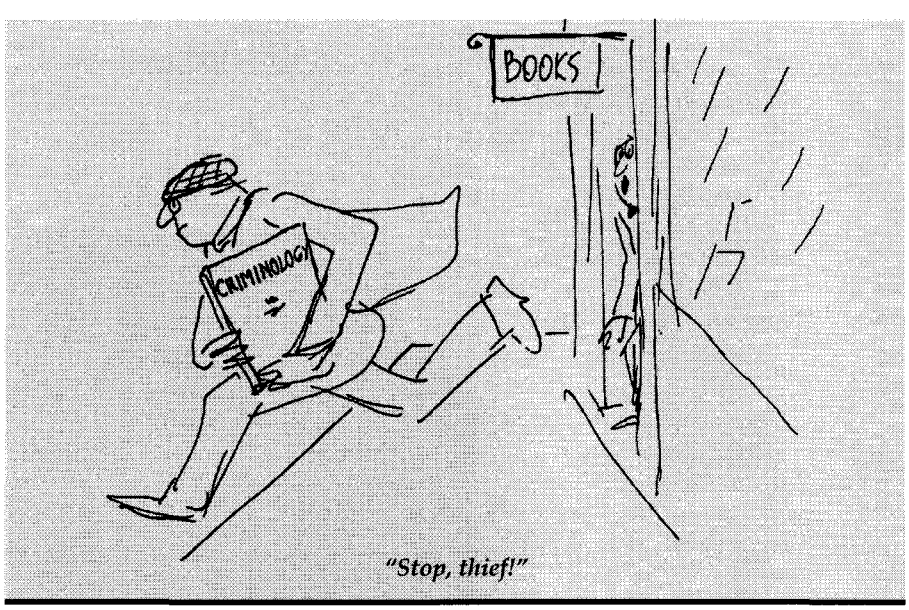
Ann Chih Lin

The memory of the videotape remains vivid even after seven years: police officers beating a man again and again as he writhes on the ground. We remember other images too: verdicts of "not guilty" delivered by an all-white jury, mobs brutalizing innocent bystanders in the riots that followed, smoke rising over Los Angeles.

These recollections are true, but as Lou Cannon argues in the magisterial *Official Negligence*, they are also inaccurate and deceiving. We remember the stunning brutality of the cops, but the televised tape we remember did not include a three-second section showing Rodney King charging at police officers prior to the beating, setting off the officers' spiral of panic. More important, the tape, in making individual officers the focus of our anger, conceals the equal culpability of a police department unable to train or govern its force, and of a judicial system where individual circumstance and social justice often clash.

In over six hundred pages of careful detail, Cannon shows how an event so seemingly transparent can conceal so much. He describes how chronic underfunding and understaffing in the Los Angeles Police Department (LAPD) led to a situation where a training instructor could not only fail a test in the proper use of the baton but be sent out on patrol that same evening. It was King's terrible luck to meet up with that officer, Laurence Powell, and to suffer a rain of blows that looked deliberate and vicious but were actually, according to Cannon, frenzied and often ineffectual.

Cannon also describes systemic irresponsibility at the LAPD. The department did not train its officers in alternatives to the baton, methods that could have been used to restrain King with less violence. It had a history of both civil rights and excessive force complaints, complaints exacerbated by discrimination against black officers and tense relationships with minority communities. After the King beating, Police Chief Darryl Gates's ongoing feuds with both the mayor and the officer corps resulted in a rudderless department. When the riots began in South Central Los Angeles, command staff could not create a plan to protect the area. Instead, they pulled their officers out, effectively encouraging rioters to take over.



"Stop, thief!"

Cannon's portrayal does not excuse the individual officers who beat King, but it does humanize them and place their actions within the context of the LAPD's institutional failure. His portrayal of Rodney King is also honest and generous. He saves his harshest condemnations for the judges and politicians whose thoughtlessness created the conditions for the riots. These are not general accusations of racism or neglect of the poor: The power of Cannon's indictment lies in the details. For instance, when the accused officers were granted a venue change because of intense pretrial publicity, the trial judge, following normal rules of procedure, should have tried to find a California city that resembled Los Angeles but was outside its media market. Instead, the judge moved the trial to Simi Valley, a suburb within the Los Angeles media market that did not match the demographic profile of Los Angeles in any way. Worse, Cannon suggests, the judge did so for no reason other than personal convenience. This would be heartbreaking, were it not for the rage that arises as story after story of irresponsibility, inexperience, or personal pique is carefully linked to the eventual riots. "Official negligence" indeed—Cannon's story is one of venality compounded into catastrophe.

This focus on the contribution of individuals to history is classic journalism, and few do it better than this veteran newspaperman. But other journalistic conventions serve Cannon less well. His insistence on maintaining a chronology often undercuts the book's dramatic power and analysis. For instance, Cannon shows how the trial of a Korean grocer for killing a black high school student inflamed South Central L.A. only months before the first Rodney King trial. The officers' acquittals fanned anger that had slowly burned since the grocer, found guilty of voluntary manslaugh-

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ter, was sentenced only to probation. But rather than tell this story as a whole, as a counterpoint to the King trial, Cannon switches back and forth between the trial and the King investigation, keeping the progress of each case roughly parallel. This diffuses the power of both narratives. Cannon's concern for chronology also leads him to include lengthy passages that keep us fully informed, but distract from the argument.

In a six-hundred-page book, passages like these try the patience of even the most dedicated reader. They also take space that might otherwise have been dedicated to summary and assessment. Like a newspaper lead, which puts the facts up top and leaves the least important details to the end, Cannon's book ends without concluding. He does not linger, for instance, on the most troubling question he raises: What is to be done when official negligence results in specific injustice? If it is unfair to convict officers for their supervisors' incompetence, how is that incompetence to be held to account? If it is unjust to allow the fear of riots to rule a jury's deliberations, how are we to address the accretion of official injustices and miscalculations that make riots possible? Cannon is, and teaches us to be, incensed at both official negligence and the scapegoating of individuals. In that sense he is evenhanded. But without giving us some way to correct official negligence, the only injustices that can be corrected are those to Rodney King and Laurence Powell, not those to residents of Los Angeles.

Cannon, of course, cannot be expected to solve this problem. But a picture as careful, as emotionally compelling, and as damning as Cannon's deserves more than the quick fade-to-black at the end of a videotape, more even than the memories we now call up when we hear the names Rodney King and Laurence Powell. □

Ann Chih Lin *is an assistant professor of political science and public policy at the University of Michigan. She writes frequently on crime and immigration.*

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 4)

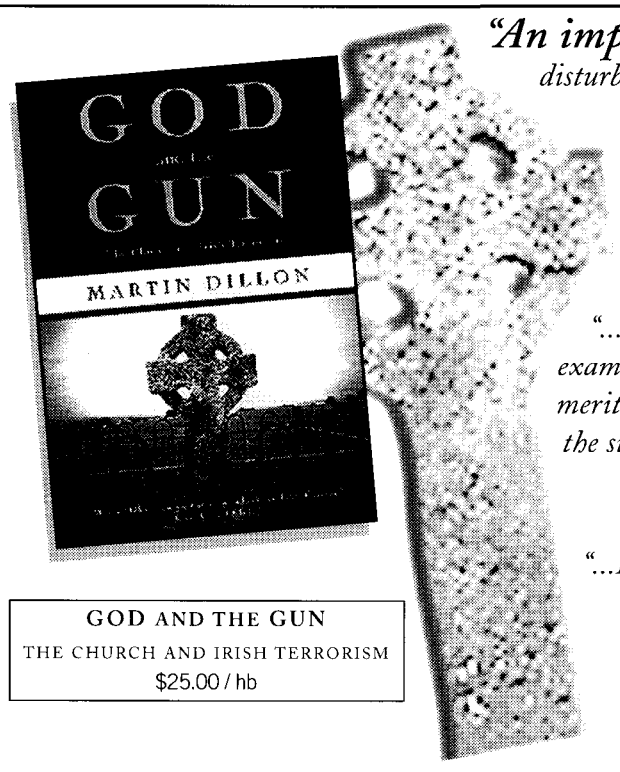
tempting her. She foils him and his agent, the vicar, by testifying to what she recognizes as a far deeper truth, the moral reality in which she lives.

The play, it would appear, was far more successfully produced in England. But it was, we thought, well enough staged and certainly well enough acted here so that what counted as moral to Rafe and John Hall, as opposed to what morality meant to the vicar, was not particularly obscure at all, only an ambiguity which with the help of Susanna and her maid we could succeed in untangling.

MARIAN BURKHART
New York, N.Y.

Tend that safety net

I appreciated your editorial, "Keeping Security Social" [June 5]. As a benefits manager for a public retirement fund, I share your concern for the future of Social Security. Mindful that only half of America's workers are fortunate



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ROUTLEDGE

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enough to have employer-sponsored pension plans available to them, and that many others have a difficult time squirreling away significant monies for retirement savings, we need to keep the safety net genuine, secure, and dependable. Relying on the private markets for all of a person's retirement income is foolish for the individual, and could lead to a significant panic in the event of severe and lasting future downturns.

The United States needs a clear retirement policy rooted in what is best for the commonwealth. While much more should be done to encourage private employers to offer generous retirement savings programs, the core of retirement security for the majority of Americans will remain Social Security. Thank you for a well-reasoned editorial.

GREG CUSACK
Des Moines, Iowa

Keep it up

My wife and I look forward to the arrival of *Commonweal*. We enjoy it all. Keep up your support of life throughout the age spectrum.

WILLIAM J. MONAHAN
Saint Louis, Mo.

A road that leads from Rome

In any future reference to the Nazis' massacre of Italians in the environs of Rome in 1944, you may wish to see that the name of the infamous site is spelled correctly. The are the Ardeatine Caves (*Fosse Ardeatine*), not Ardentine. They are the Ardeatine Caves because they are located just off the Via Ardeatina, so named, apparently, because if you follow it long enough it will lead you to the small town of Ardea.

JOHN KENDALL
Kensington, Prince Edward Island, Canada

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VIRTUAL CATHOLICISM

J.V. Long

Last fall and early winter I had occasion to travel through the upper Midwest and South on business. A couple of side trips continue to play in my imagination, antiphonally. On a barely sunny, cold Sunday morning in November, I drove from Minneapolis to Collegeville for Mass at Saint John's. I especially wanted to see the Marcel Breuer church, which was startling in its monumentality. After Mass, I spent the better part of a couple of hours walking around the campus and along the lakeside next to the monastery. I found the community cemetery on a hill; the monks are all memorialized with identically carved granite crosses that seemed ready to withstand both the impending winter and the ages. I walked up and down the aisles between the monks' crosses until I found the grave of Virgil Michel—the visionary American Benedictine who pioneered the midcentury liturgical renewal movement. I stood for a few minutes, said a prayer, and then drove back to Minneapolis.

In February, in a significantly different climate, I was in Birmingham, Alabama, near Irondale, Mother Angelica's base of operations. Explaining one's taste for the Eternal Word Television Network (EWTN) is tricky; not exactly entertainment and not quite camp, there is a kitsch quality that's oddly compelling when not completely infuriating. During a recent broadcast, for example, Mother handles an obviously distraught caller afraid she hadn't been forgiven because her confessor had not required an Act of Contrition, by insisting, "What formula did he use?...It might *not* have been valid." When our local cable company removed EWTN from its roster a couple of years ago, it was replaced with the SciFi Channel. One friend from another city asked how we could tell the difference.

I can only catch EWTN in hotel rooms now. So, when I was in the neighborhood, shortly after reports that Mother Angelica had been cured of the effects of an injury that had hampered her mobility for years, I wanted to see the place for myself. Allegedly healed through the mediation of a foreign woman with close ties to Our Lady, Mother's timing was nothing if not opportune. Surely, for those with eyes to see (especially in Rome and weasely American chanceries), heaven was signaling *its* interests in the Poor Clare network executive's contretemps with Cardinal Roger Mahony of Los Angeles. For those who have forgotten, last year Mother Angelica accused Mahony of teaching heresy about the nature of the Real Presence (*see*, "Liturgical Confusion," *Commonweal*, January 30, 1998).

Visiting Mother's sacred precincts is something like taking the Universal Studios Tour in Hollywood or Orlando. Once past the guard in a glass booth, who lifted the traffic barrier without question or interest (raising doubts about security in the same instant that one wondered why there was security), there is ample parking down a small hill. The church, TV studio, nuns' monastery and another for the male minions, are laid out in a bowl-like area along the hillside. Cloistered gardens appear to extend beyond the back of the buildings. Quarters are close but not congested. The front hillside is dotted with shrines—groups of statues that, even on a weekday afternoon, had a number of kneeling pilgrims in attendance. A phalanx of young men with very important looking ID tags hanging around their necks bustled outside the TV studio.

The chapel and its appointments have been designed by a sensibility that is not intimidated by the ornate. It's like a gilt cage, with images only slightly less vivid than the Mormon diorama in Salt Lake City. The aesthetic is unambiguously religious, to be sure, but the effect is closer to *Kundun* than it is to *The Song of Bernadette*. Added to the mix are the cameras that broadcast the daily Mass (that, *pace* Mahony, is said in Latin and accompanied by nuns fully prostrate behind the grille but not beyond the cameras, which are mounted on the walls like a series of surreal, postmodern Stations of the Cross). I sat in the back for a few minutes, irrationally mindful of the cameras, wondering who was watching; hoping that God wasn't.

There were a number of worshipers in the chapel and a steady stream moving in and out. The choreography was as elaborate as the décor. I haven't seen such profound bows since the last time *The Egyptian* was shown on the American Movie Channel—I kept remembering the booming voice of Mekere the high priest, "Bow down...on your faces...bow down to Pharaoh." To say the least, the spirit of Virgil Michel, with its clear-eyed traditionalism and emphasis on corporate lay participation in the liturgy, seemed even farther away in time and space than did Minnesota.

Taken as a whole, the Mother Angelica phenomenon is more mystifying than entertaining. It's not the bad art or the practiced conservatism that's disturbing. It's the insularity (hence the gatekeeper) and the self-righteous impermeability, which is both smug and judgmental (hence the casual charges of heresy and the "It might *not* have been valid" alarums).

As I pulled away from the gates, I again thought of Virgil Michel. I imagined that he would be spinning in his grave at the return of this essentially anachronistic liturgical piety passing itself off as the authentic tradition. But, then, as long as Michel was prone, I'm not sure anyone in Irondale would notice. □

J.V. Long's *most recent article for* Commonweal *was "Clerical Character(s)," May 8, 1998. He lives in Portland, Oregon.*

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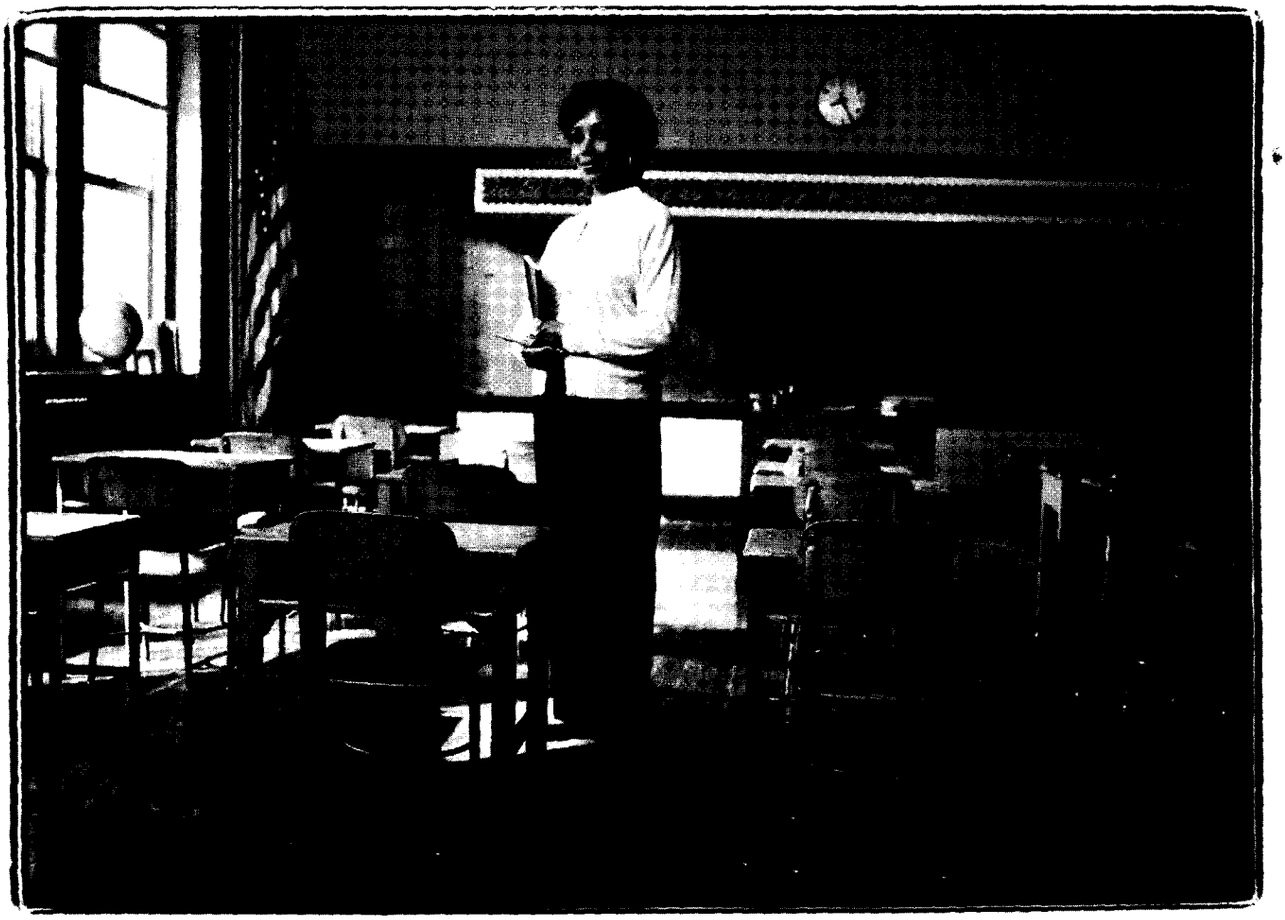

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